



THE STRENUOUS CAREER



MADISON C. PETERS



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The Strenuous Career



A COUNTRY BOY'S VISION OF CITY LIFE

THE
STRENUOUS CAREER
OR
SHORT STEPS TO SUCCESS

By
REV. MADISON C. PETERS

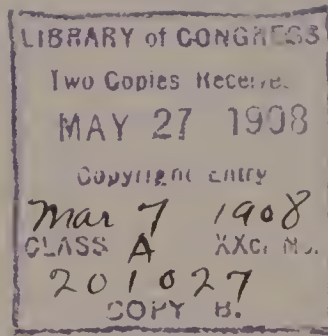
NUGGETS OF WISDOM

Advice to the Young, Problems of Life, Success and Failure,
Examples of Great Men, Keen and Witty Sayings and
Many Important Subjects of Paramount Interest
to Boys and Men, Whether Country or City-
bred, Revealing to the Ambitious
Man or Boy the Secrets of
Success and the Vic-
tories of Life.

ILLUSTRATED



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To

*OSCAR, ISIDOR and NATHAN
STRAUS, of New York,*

*Three Noble Brothers Who Have Not Only
Made Money by Square Dealing, but Have
Found Time to Spend their Energies as
Well as Their Fortunes in Varied and
Multiplied Labors in the Noble Cause of
Humanity and Who Have Made Their
Names Honored Throughout the Land;
To these Fine Examples of Good Success
This Book is Dedicated*

THE AUTHOR

CHAPTER I.

GETTING ON THE RIGHT TRACK.

James Russell Lowell tells us that “every man is born with his business or profession in him,” while Sydney Smith long ago said: “Be what nature intended you for, and you will succeed, but be anything else and you will be a thousand times worse than nothing.” There can be no greater mistake than to bend your design where your genius does not incline. Emerson wisely says that “the crowning fortune of a man is to be born with a bias to some pursuit which finds him in employment and happiness,” while Shakespeare asserts:

“To business that we love, we rise betimes,
And go to it with delight.”

No man can struggle victoriously against his own character and one of the very first lessons of life is to learn what groove we are intended to fill.

Evidences of one's right calling will manifest themselves early in life. Handel, the famous composer, whose father was a physician, was intended for the profession of the law, and the

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father did all he could to discourage the boy's fondness for music, but he got an old spinet and practiced on it secretly in a hay-loft; he produced an opera before he was fifteen. Beethoven composed at thirteen, while Mozart gave concerts at six. Victor Hugo presented a poem to the Academy at fifteen, Goethe wrote at ten, Pope at fourteen; at sixteen Bacon had successfully pointed out the errors in Aristotle's philosophy, while Pascal at the same age wrote a treatise on the Conic Sections. Bach used to copy whole books of music by moonlight when he was meanly denied a candle. Napoleon was at the head of armies at ten years of age; at this time, when a student at Brienne, writing to his mother, he said: "With Homer in my pocket and my sword by my side, I hope to fight my way through the world." Murillo, the famous Spanish artist, filled the margins of his schoolbooks with drawings. Michel Angelo, whose parents punished him for covering the walls with sketches, declared he was no son of theirs should he become an artist, spent whole nights copying drawings by moonlight which he dared not bring home. Galileo, who discovered the principle of the pendulum at eighteen and invented both the microscope and the telescope, was set apart by his parents for a physician,



GETTING ON THE RIGHT TRACK.
HANDEL PRACTICING ON A SPINET IN HIS FATHER'S HAY LOFT.

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but when compelled to study physiology, he would hide his Euclid and secretly work out difficult problems. Lorraine, the painter, was apprenticed by his parents to a pastry-cook. Arkwright's parents apprenticed him to a barber. It is a serious mistake for parents to wish their sons to be reproductions of themselves. John Jacob Astor's father wanted to make a butcher of his boy, but the commercial instinct was strong enough in him to make him run away from home and come to America.

Father, don't try to make that boy another you,—one of you will do. The father of Daniel Webster determined that Daniel should become a farmer; he took the boy out into the field, and showed him how to cut hay, but no matter how the father fixed the scythe, it didn't hang to suit Daniel, until the old man in despair and disgust, exclaimed: "Get out of the field and hang that scythe to suit yourself." Daniel hung the scythe on a tree and said: "Father, there it hangs to suit me."

Many of the world's most successful men have failed in one or more pursuits before they finally got upon the right track. Barnum failed in fourteen different occupations before he discovered he was a born showman. Goldsmith failed as a physician, but who else could have

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written "The Deserted Village"? Cromwell was a farmer at forty and Grant a tanner at thirty-eight. Moody, an indifferent shoe salesman, became after middle life the world's greatest evangelist.

No man will ever do his best until he fills his proper niche. One of the most mischievous notions that has ever obtained a lodgement in the popular mind, is the belief, that a man to be respected must be a doctor, a lawyer or a preacher—an idea which has spoiled many good carpenters, done injustice to the anvil and committed fraud upon the potato patch. I would rather my boy became a shoemaker and put genius in his shoes, rather than become a preacher, preaching sermons that nobody wants to hear. Many an ambitious parent forces a boy to become a doctor or a lawyer when measuring tape and calico would have been the fittest thing for him to do, while on the contrary, we find men selling dry-goods whose skill in hair-splitting, whose adroitness at parry and whose fertility of resource in every exigency, show that nature designed them for the pulpit or the bar. There are thousands of men to-day in the learned professions defeated and disappointed, disgusted and dispirited, who might have been successful farmers and look upon the farmer's life with envy and

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chagrin, while thousands more who have been pitchforked through a course of Latin and Greek with college honors thick upon their full (fool) heads are reduced to necessities which degrade them in their own estimation and are humiliated by the wretched compensation which accompanies the average professional career.

All callings in life are alike honorable if they are useful. There is a world of truth in Pope's familiar lines:

“Honor and shame from no condition rise—
Act well your part, there all the honor lies.”

The world does not demand that you shall be a famous lawyer, a skilled physician, an eloquent divine or a merchant prince, but that with a noble purpose, a high endeavor and a useful end in view you shall make yourself a master in your line. If you're only a bootblack, be the best bootblack in town. A lawyer sought to humiliate his rival in public by saying,—“You blacked my father's boots once.” “And I did it well,” retorted the successful opponent.

You may know that you have found your place, if your work is a pleasure to you; if you long for the time to quit, you're on the wrong job; if you go to your work with no more delight than you left it, the job belongs to some other

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man. When you have found your true calling, you will not find nature putting any barriers in your path of progress. If you have been boring away in the same hole for fifteen years without striking anything, you have either got too short an augur or you are in the wrong hole. As a rule few men change their occupations to advantage late in life, yet I advise every man to have the moral courage to change his occupation until he finds the right place. There is a right place for everybody. Your talent whatever it may be is your call. When you strike water you will find use for your fins. It is true that "a rolling stone gathers no moss," but sometimes "a change of pasture makes fat calves."

If you are sure you are in the wrong sphere, get on the right track; if you are on the right track you will not be wondering whether the rails are laid down right,—you will know it by the way things run. In the right place you will be resourceful, happy and contented, you will expand and grow, and be at least comparatively successful; you may not make millions in a congenial occupation; it is possible to make a fortune and still be a failure.

Money-making is not the highest success,—character is success, and there is no other. Did Columbus fail because irons bit into his flesh

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and neglect into his heart? Did Cromwell fail because his bleached bones were hung in chains and buried among thieves and murderers? Was the gifted musical genius, Mozart, a failure because he died penniless and sleeps in an unknown grave? Was Milton a failure,—Milton who sat in his blindness and received \$50 for his immortal epic?

No true man fails who has lived a life that has accomplished its purpose.

CHAPTER II.

THE AGE OF THE TRAINED MAN.

Once in a great while a man appears like Da Vinci, who besides his devotion to painting and sculpture, excelled in architecture, engineering and mechanics generally, botany, anatomy, mathematics and astronomy. He was also a poet and a splendid performer on the lyre. But the very rareness of such men who acquire an immense amount of learning and do different kinds of work well are the exception and prove the contrary condition to be the rule.

Goethe said, "Wherever thou art, be all there." Agassiz was asked his opinion touching the chemical analysis of a plant. He answered: "I know nothing about chemistry." He was a naturalist. This is the age of the trained man—even specialists have their specialty. It does not pay to know everything. Only sophomores are omniscient.

The best way to prevent a gun from scattering is to put in a single shot. Better to be a second rate something than a first rate nothing. "My father," said a little fellow, bragging about his father, "can do almost anything; he is

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a notary public, a druggist, a horse doctor, he can pull teeth, he can preach, he can mend wagons and things, he can play the fiddle and he is a *jackass* at all trades.''

The men who have been most successful in their callings have been the men of one idea, an all-controlling idea, of which they made a hobby and which they rode to the mill, to market and to meeting—about which they dreamt, talked, laughed, wept and prayed. Columbus rode a hobby from court to court till he found two Jews, Louis de Santangel and Gabriel Sanchez, enormously rich merchants, who supplied the funds needed to fit out Columbus' caravels. (Isabella did not sell her jewels to fit out Columbus. She had already pawned them to defray the wars then devastating her country.)

Morse was in Washington riding his hobby, the telegraph. One day, on leaving a Congressman, the representative said to one of his constituents: "What do you think that old fool wants me to do. He wants me to help him to get a bill through Congress, so as to stretch a wire from Baltimore to Washington, so that one fool over in Baltimore can talk to another fool over here in Washington.'" Morse kept on riding his hobby until the telegraph encircles the globe and makes thought omnipresent. Harvey is distinguished for the circulation of the blood and

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that alone. Arkwright, the cotton gin; Watts, the steam engine; Fulton, the steamboat; Jenner, vaccination; Edison, electricity; Howe, the sewing machine; Garibaldi, liberty; Bismarck, the unification of Germany; Wendell Phillips, the abolition of slavery; Lincoln, emancipation.

President Hayes said to Major William McKinley, on his entrance into Congress, "To achieve success and fame you must pursue some special line. You must not make a speech on every motion offered or bill introduced. You must confine yourself to one particular thing; become a specialist. Take up some branch of legislation and make that your specialty. Why not take up the subject of the tariff? Being a subject that will not be settled for years to come, it offers a great field for study and a chance for ultimate fame." McKinley began studying the tariff, became the foremost authority on the subject and the McKinley Tariff Bill made William McKinley President of the United States.

The miscellaneous man is well described by

Praed: His talk is like a stream which runs
With rapid change from rocks to roses;
It slips from politics to puns,
It glides from Mahommet to Moses,
Beginning with the laws that keep
The planets in their courses;
And ending with some precept deep,
For skinning eels and shoeing horses.

The Age of the Trained Man

As with knowledge, so with work. The successful worker today is he who singles out from a vast number of possible employments some specialty, and to that devotes himself thoroughly. The specialist does not have to look for a job. The job is looking for him.

America is a poor country for the *average* man. Everything is crowded — downstairs. There is room at the top. The men who climb to lofty positions over the heads of a hundred others are not always men of conspicuous ability, but availability. The man who knows how to take hold of things by the handles has the call.

The secret of most men's failure is mental dissipation, squandering energies upon a distracting variety of objects, instead of condensing them into one. It is not the diffused electricity, but the concentrated thunderbolt that is terrible in its power.

Almost any employer will tell you that as a rule the best workers in almost every department in this country, are largely foreigners who in the Old World devoted their early lives to learning some one trade and learning it clear through. The gunnery that is most successful must play continually upon one point. Young's phrase, "Time elaborately thrown away," ap-

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plies to the man who attempts to know or do everything. There is a busyness which is not business. A personal friend said to Lincoln, "Mr President, do you really expect to end this war during this administration?" "Can't say, sir." "But, Mr. Lincoln, what do you mean to do?" "Peg away, sir; peg away; keep pegging away." And "pegging away" did it. Cyrus Field spent thirteen years of anxious watchings and ceaseless toil, wandering in the forests of New Foundland, in pelting rain, or on the deck of ships, on dark, stormy nights, alone, far from home, crossing and recrossing the ocean fifty times before he at last laid the Atlantic Cable.

Industry is a good quality, but it will never win without concentration. The man who dabbles in too many things, who scatters himself on several lines, divides his purpose, wastes his energies, smothers his enthusiasm and usually fails. To succeed you must be unanimous with yourself. An old German proverb says, "To change and to change for the better, are two different things." It is seldom that the most brilliant men achieve the highest success, but the stickers. Persistency is more effective than brilliancy. When President Johnson tried to drive Stanton from the Cabinet, Charles Sum-

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ner sent the Secretary this message: "Stanton, stick." He stuck, and the Nation benefited.

The men at the summit were not pulled into their positions. They pushed their way there. When Daniel Webster was speaking at Bunker Hill, the crowd pressed hard towards the platform, endangering those seated thereon, and Webster, seeing their peril, shouted to the people, "Keep back!" "It is impossible," cried someone in the crowd. The orator exclaimed, "Nothing is impossible at Bunker Hill!" And few things are impossible to the persevering, invincibly determined American man. As Dickens' friend would have us understand, "It's dogged does it." You must carry a thing through if you want to be anybody or anything. The world admires and crowns the determined doer. Like the postage stamp—stick till you get there. The only "good time coming" you are justified in hoping for is that which you make for yourself.

CHAPTER III.

THE GENIUS OF ENERGY.

Genius is common sense intensified. It is the power of making efforts. It is patience. It is the talent for hard work. There is no genius like the genius of energy. It was neither luck nor chance, but sheer hard work which enabled all our great men to force their way upward in the face of manifold obstructions. Our greatest men have been among the least believers in the power of genius and were as persevering as the successful men of a commoner sort. Of course, without original endowment of heart and brain, no amount of toil, however well applied, would have produced a Shakespeare, a Milton, a Beethoven or a D'Israeli.

No man appears to have written with more ease than Dickens, yet he said: "My own invention or imagination, such as it is, I can most truthfully assure you, would never have served me as it has, but for the habit of commonplace, humble, patient, daily, toiling, drudging attention." When requested to read a few selections from his writings, he replied that he had not

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time to prepare himself, as it was his custom to read a piece twice daily for six months before appearing with it in public.

Bayle said of Meyerbeer: "He has some talent, but no genius; he lives solitary, working fifteen hours a day at music." Years passed, Meyerbeer's hard work brought out his genius. Newton's mind was of the very highest order; his philosophy sought with all-comprehending grasp to encircle the universe of God, and yet, when asked by what means he had worked out his extraordinary discoveries, he modestly answered: "By always thinking upon them." Hayden said of his art: "It consists of taking up a subject and pursuing it." Beethoven's favorite maxim was: "The barriers are not erected which can say to aspiring talents and industry—thus far and no farther." Mozart said: "Work is my chief pleasure." Sir Joshua Reynolds was such a believer in the force of industry, that he held "excellence in art, however expressed by genius, may be acquired." Titian, in his letter to Charles V, said: "I send Your Majesty, 'The Last Supper,' after working at it almost daily for seven years." The indefatigable industry of Lord Brougham, Michel Angelo, Arkwright and Jenner are matters of history. Lord Chesterfield, who acquired a polish

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of style, for many years wrote down every brilliant passage he met with in his reading. Lyman Beecher's greatest sermon was on the "Government of God," when asked as he descended the pulpit steps, how long it took him to prepare that sermon, replied: "About forty years, sir."

Why is it that the busiest men seem to be in demand for everything, and have time for everything? It is because they have trained themselves never to leave their time unemployed. Success is ever on the side of the "hustler" as winds and waves are ever on the side of the best navigator. In this lightning-footed twentieth century, things no longer come to him who waits, but to him who hustles while he waits.

We are bringing up in America a numerous train of gentlemen idlers, who are passing down the stream of life at the expense of their fellow-passengers. There are plenty of fellows about who live off the earnings of their fathers until they can find a girl who is fool enough to marry them, then they will live off her father. By borrowing and sponging they manage to live well, dress well, often passing for years, eluding the police, and by keeping up fashionable appearances are often received in polite circles and walk rough-shod over many a worthy young

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man who has too much good sense to make a dash or imitate the monkey-shines of the itinerant dude.

I want to impress on your mind the fact that idleness from choice is both destructive and disgraceful, and I want you to take home to yourself what I say. Don't try to persuade yourself that the cap does not fit you. Honestly acknowledge its fitness; it will be a great point gained to become honest with yourself.

God made men and women, too, for employment. Employment makes the man in a very great measure. It is not careful moral training, neither sound instruction nor good society, that makes men. These are means, but back of these lies the moulding influence of a man's life, and that is employment. A man's business makes him,—it hardens his muscle, strengthens his body, quickens his blood, sharpens his mind, corrects his judgment, wakes up his inventive genius, puts his wits to work, arouses ambition, makes him feel that he is a man, and must show himself a man by taking a man's part in life.

One hundred and fifty pounds, more or less, of good bone and muscle does not make a man; a cranium packed with brains does not make a man. The body, muscle and brain must act a man's part, do a man's work, think a man's

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thoughts, and bear a man's weight of character and duty, before they constitute a man. You can put clothes on a statue and it appears to be a human being, but to be a man and appear to be are two very different things. Human beings grow,—men are made. We have gentlemen loafers about,—gas-bags, air-bubbles, which burst and are gone,—masculine grass-hoppers, good enough to dance attendance on the butterflies of society,—things that glow and die like autumnal insects,—despised and forgotten.

Idleness never made its way in the world and never will. The world does not owe us a living, but every man owes the world work. Various advertisements in our papers are frequently thrown out as baits for the gullible. One which has lately gone the rounds promised a "sure cure for drunkenness on receipt of one dollar." In return, the sender of the cash was told to "sign the pledge and keep it." An investment in postage stamps brought the information that "the best way to raise turnips" was to "take hold of the tops and pull." Another facetious swindler advertised that for the sum of one dollar he would give the secret of increasing money four-fold; his reply to his artless dupes was, "Take a dollar bill, double it twice and when you open it out you will find it in creases four-

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fold.” But the one that must have added insult to injury, was the answer returned to inquiries, on receipt of one dollar, as to how “to make money without work,”—namely, “Fish for suckers as we do.”

Some men succeed by great talent, some by the influence of others, but the majority by commencing life without a dollar. Cunard found his opportunity for the greatest steamship line in the world in a jack-knife and a piece of wood, from which he whittled a model. Abraham Lincoln found his opportunity in borrowed books which he read at night. Galileo saw his in bits of glass with which he made great discoveries.

We are living in a fast age. Everybody is in a hurry. Everything is made to sell. Buildings go up in a day and sometimes come down as quickly. Our thinking is done for us. Our problems are all worked out in explanations. We get diplomas by correspondence. Many of our universities are getting rich “by degrees.” The papers give us our politics. People take their religion ready-made. Self-help is old-fashioned.

Luck waits for something to turn up. Pluck turns up something. Good luck is a man with his sleeves rolled up, hard at work. Bad luck is a man with his hands in his pockets waiting to see how things will turn out.

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Don't demoralize your character by doing poor work. Poor work may mean only a money loss to your employer, but to you it means loss of character, self-respect and manhood.

Suppose you get only ten dollars a week and are worth fifty,—shall you just earn the ten dollars? Men who say that never advance. Don't worry about your salary. Increase your skill. Salaries are raised to meet the growing value of men who are earning more than they get. The men who advance are not those who are careful to do only that for which they are paid. In the long run the cream will get to the top in any establishment.

CHAPTER IV.

ENTHUSIASM THE DRIVING POWER.

Madame de Stael says,—“The sense of this word (enthusiasm) among the Greeks affords the noblest definition of it; enthusiasm signifies ‘God in us.’ ”

It is this spirit that urges men to do and dare, that makes them forget the narrow importance of self, and renders them proof against the taunts and jibes and ridicule of a scoffing world; it leads them on over obstacles and difficulties, past the threatening ghouls of envy and hatred, and points the way to the shining land of brave deeds well done, that lies beyond the river of endeavor.

It is the breath that animates the body with the vital essence of its being, giving it force to move onward and upward to fulfill the destiny of its creation. Without it man is but a piece of soulless clay, a mere automaton of flesh and blood and bone, moved only by the animal instincts of nature and with no distinguishing characteristic to show his superiority to the rest of the creation.

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Nothing great could ever have been accomplished in the history of the race had it not been for the power that drove men on to accomplishment. The world would have remained in the barbarity of darkness and ignorance, at a standstill as far as progress and civilization were concerned. It was this divine essence in the soul that led primitive man from his crude state and enabled him to advance step by step into the broad light of knowledge and religion. It was this that made the pioneer go out to unknown lands and explore their secrets; it was this that sent men down to the sea in ships in quest of adventure; it was this that sent Columbus to discover a new world; it was this that impelled Stanley to brave the dangers of Darkest Africa, and it is this, that today is inciting brave and daring souls to go to the uttermost corners of the earth, to open them up to commerce and trade and kindle the torch of civilization to illumine their savagery. Every great deed, every brave deed has enthusiasm behind it.

The best product of labor is high-minded man with enthusiasm for his work. When a task is approached in a half-hearted, dead-and-alive way, with neither motive nor interest, it will never be successfully performed,—the vim, the force, the nerve, in a word, the enthusiasm

Enthusiasm the Driving Power

which enables a man to put the best that is in him into his work will be lacking and the result will be but an inferior performance. An Irish laborer was engaged, in the days before machinery, to mow some corn with a scythe, and before setting out for the work, his employer gave him for breakfast a porringer of buttermilk and a bowl of whey, that is, the milk separated from the curds. Pat went out to the field very discontented, he had no enthusiasm for his work on such a breakfast, so he made each slow swing of his scythe keep in correspondingly slow rhythm and time to the slow refrain of this doggerel:

Buttermilk and whey,
Faint all day—
Buttermilk and whey,
Faint all day—

With every swing he kept up the rhyme until the close of the day. His master coming out to view the work found but little corn cut, and suspecting the reason, next morning he had placed before Pat a huge platter of bacon and eggs with the finest bread and coffee. That day the scythe flew to the quickened time of:

Bacon and eggs,
Take care of your legs—
Bacon and eggs,
Take care of your legs—

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and so on to nightfall, when there was at least ten times as much corn cut as on the preceding day. The bacon and eggs made Pat go at his work with enthusiasm, hence the result.

Enthusiasm is a glowing fire, the heat of which warms the heart and kindles in the soul noble impulses to worthy actions. It has burned for every successful man, diffusing its genial rays around his path, lighting the way to a life of doing and construction, of honest effort and faithful performance. There is an energy in every one, but it will lie latent, dormant until kindled into life by this sacred fire of enthusiasm, and then it becomes a mighty force, a giant power that nothing can withstand. Energy is the lever that can raise the world, but enthusiasm is the fulcrum.

Other things being equal the degree of enthusiasm in any man is the precise measure of his conquering power. Take two men of almost similar endowments and with equal opportunities, but the one apathetic, careless, indifferent, the other alert, watchful, enthusiastic, and you will find that while the latter is steadily climbing the heights of success, the other is down in the valley bemoaning his fate and attributing his hard fortune to the fickleness of luck, which is an unknown quantity.

Enthusiasm the Driving Power

Without enthusiasm in your work, you lose before you start. As genius borders on insanity, so enthusiasm borders on rashness. In the outburst of enthusiasm the soul reveals its masterful power.

Before the time of railroads, in crossing the continent, the soldiers had to make use of mule trains and on their marches were very much endangered by the attacks of hostile Indians who ambushed behind rocks and in gullies and in other places from which they could make a quick onslaught. On one of these occasions a mountain howitzer was lashed to the back of a mule, and so sudden was the attack of the Indians that there was no time to unlimber the gun and place it in proper position, so the captain, suddenly whirling the mule around, touched the fuse and let the Red-Skins have the charge from the mule's back; the recoil from the cannon, of course, sent the mule spinning, and over and over went mule and gun, down the declivity towards the Indians who took to flight. The old chief was captured, however, and when asked why he had run away, when he and his party might have captured the entire band of pale-faces, he grunted out: "Me big Injun; me no afraid of big guns, but when white men fire whole mule at Injun, me don't know what come next."

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It is enthusiasm that counts in the serried ranks when the war-drum beats to battle. It is the quality that calls forth the stuff of which heroes are made and makes men rush to the cannon's mouth to court danger and death. When the shout rises from a thousand throats along the lines, it sends a shiver to the heart of the enemy and instills a fear into their souls which does more to defeat them than shot and shell. On the Hill of San Juan it was the shout and enthusiasm of Roosevelt that cheered his brave boys on to the charge and gained the victory. A timid attack is equivalent to a nascent defeat.

And in no matter what direction employed the daring spirit of enthusiasm will not allow itself to be left behind, but will exert its strength to force itself to the front.

When impelled by enthusiasm men carry their work to the highest point of material success. As the tide will not allow anything to stem its flow, neither will enthusiasm let any opposition overcome it, every barrier is broken down, until the end is reached, the summit gained, the desire realized, the ambition attained.

To a man sneering at excitement, a Western editor pithily remarked, "There is only one thing can be done in this world without enthusiasm and that is to rot."



ENTHUSIASM THE DRIVING-POWER.
(ROOSEVELT AT SAN JUAN HILL.)

Enthusiasm the Driving Power

Always keep your powder dry, ready to go off at any moment with explosive force. If you allow it to get damp, you might as well have none, it is worse than useless.

Never let the sunburst of manhood dim its light around you. By vital energy, indomitable pluck, persistent perseverance and glowing enthusiasm keep the rays ever bright and chase the shadows away by love and hope and faith. Remember within yourself you have power, and all you have to do is call enthusiasm to your aid in order to exert it to the best advantage and overcome every stumbling-block within your path. Interference, prejudice, hatred, even persecution will be powerless to affect you if you have an enthusiastic spirit. Whipping only made Ole Bull's childhood devotion to his violin more absorbing.

Enthusiasm is the inspiration of all that is great. It has led armies to victories, it has erected colossal temples and towers, it has chiseled the most perfect of statues, it has painted the most beautiful canvases, it has stimulated the most sublime endeavors, it has given us the choicest gems of poetry, it has ravished our souls with the sweetest music and has conferred inestimable blessings on the world. Its very nature is uplifting, it strengthens the will, gives

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force to the thought, and nerves the hand until what was only a possibility becomes a reality. It makes sunshine in the heart and gives the elixir of youth to all whom it blesses with its happy spirit. In fact it is a divine thing—God within us—as the Greeks say, yet it may be cultivated.

If you do not have it already, get it; life is not worth living without it.

He fails alone who feebly creeps. If your feet slip backward and stumble, harder try. If fortune plays you false today, it may be true tomorrow. Never dread danger, and from you it will fly. The real difference between men is enthusiastic energy, an invincible determination and the spirit that, Micawber-like, waits for something to turn up. Turn up something yourself. Have the spirit of the old Indian, who, when wrestling with a much-dried venison was asked, “Do you like that?” and stolidly replied, “He is my victual and I will like him.”

CHAPTER V.

THE COUNTRY BOY VS. THE CITY BRED MAN.

Those who study the trend of American life today are struck by the tendency of the young man to migrate to the city and leave the country and all its associations behind. There is a feverish desire to see life, and the inexperienced youth thinks that life can be seen in its true conception only in the great centres of population; he has beautiful day-dreams of the city, of its grandeur and glory, of its pleasures and palaces, of its wealth and ease, and so a feeling of unrest takes possession of him and his spirit becomes so disturbed that all peace forsakes his pillow until he separates himself from the home-ties and launches his craft on the troubled waters of city life, little dreaming of the shallows and quicksands that have wrecked the barks of so many other adventurers who put out upon that troublous sea. The shore he leaves is dull and uninviting, but the perspective land ahead is bathed in golden sunshine and its ivory gates lie open for all who wish to enter.

Certainly the city is enticing for the youth

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who knows not, nor can realize its dangers. He is weary of the humdrum existence at home, of the never-ending drudgery of the farm, of the gray monotony, of the leaden skies of life, and so he longs to get away to the din and bustle and roar and excitement and myriad allurements of the great city where time flies on golden wings and men and women, boys and girls, live and eat of the ambrosia of the gods. He contrasts the picture his fancy has conjured up of the city with that of the reality of the country and he shudders at the comparison. The thought of the farm becomes a nightmare to him, and manual work so distasteful that he makes up his mind to leave all behind, and so it is, that the farms are becoming deserted by the youth of the country, that there is no longer brawn and muscle to cultivate them, not to speak of brains, and that they are being allowed to run to weeds and fallowness, hence the prices of all farm products are so dear, that living in the city becomes in reality a bitter struggle for existence with the poor.

Shakespeare said, "better to endure the ills we have than to fly to those we know not of." The fire is a poor exchange for the frying-pan. A mountain is grand and impressive when observed from the perspective of distance, its

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lofty peaks cut the clouds and its sides appear clothed with a beautiful arborage and foliage, but as we approach it, the aspect changes and when we come close upon it we find that it is a forbidding, bare and bleak succession of rocks, whose grim and frowning heights terrify us by their looks, and it is thus with the city. No one can realize the magnificent misery of the city until he has had experience of it; nor the gilded poverty that is enclosed by its walls. The strain of city life is one never-ending grind, wearing out body and nerves, never giving a surcease from the daily, hourly toil and care and worry which stifle and smother the finer sentiments of the soul. The wheels of the city juggernaut never stop, they are constantly revolving, and ever crushing out the lives of human beings beneath their relentless progress, yet people of their own free will lie down and invite their own destruction. Unthinkingly they rush to their doom. The city is a Scylla that swallows into its insatiable depths many a bright ambition, many a fondly-nurtured hope, many a long-cherished scheme, and gives them an eternal grave beneath its waters of oblivion. The city has torn promise from the hands of youth, and stripped the crown from the brow of age. No age, no class, no rank is immune from its conta-

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gion, which is often more virulent than the "black death." Once the victim becomes inoculated with its virus of pleasures and follies and sins, there is very little hope of recovery because the bacilli become so deeply imbedded in the system, that remedies are of little avail to dislodge them, so that they spread until the whole body becomes a seething mass of corruption.

The city is germ-laden—the country is pure. The microbe which ruins soul as well as body, seldom if ever visits the country, for the surroundings are unhealthful to its development,—the city is the only place in which it can thrive.

The country reflects the smile of its Creator; the city, too often the baseness and turpitude of man. In the country man can live free and independent, fulfilling the Divine injunction to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow, but in the city he is very often a slave, earning his bread by the begrudged privilege of his taskmasters, and not alone by the sweat of his brow, but at the expense of blood and bone as well. The cities are overcrowded, consequently the competition is so keen that living becomes next to impossible except for those who have by long service gained for themselves permanent

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places in the life of the community. There is no room for strangers at the top, but there are so many of the natives pushing and crushing around the bottom of the ladder to get a place, that there is little chance for the outsider to get his foot even on the first rung.

Could the young man in the country but realize for a moment the condition of affairs in the city, he would never wish to exchange his place. Surely you would call the person foolish who would exchange dross for gold; is he not more foolish who barter health for disease, virtue for vice and life for death? And this is just what the inexperienced youth does who comes to the great cities without having friends or influence to prepare the way for him and clear it of the pitfalls and snares with which it is lined. But even if it is cleared, he may not be able to walk upon it without stumbling, and may never reach by it the house of success, whereas did he keep on the country road, he has as good a chance, in fact a better one, of reaching that desirable haven.

Never did farming pay better than today, or never have agricultural pursuits held out such alluring inducements; the best of men are turning their attention in this direction, and these know well that brain as well as brawn is very

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necessary to success. Perhaps to most of us in our inexperience, the farmer is identified with ignorance, for have we not been convulsed with laughter at the outre conceptions of the "Jays" and the "Rubes" as caricatured by the comic artists, but the farmer has really the laugh on us, and can well afford to overlook *our* ignorance. The farmer is the key-stone of the social arch, and he knows it; his is the greatest of all professions, for all professions have to depend upon him. The farmer is a scientist and an artist combined, his theodolite the plough, his canvas the soil. He may not be learned after the fashion of the book-men, but it is incumbent on him to be a graduate of the university of Nature. He must know the soils, their textures and qualities and productive properties as a skilled anatomist knows the muscles and nerves, he must study the various crops as an ethnologist studies the different families of mankind, and find out what season and what food are adapted to their wants, in a word he must be an all-round naturalist. Ignorance in farming will never pay; for a time it may succeed in any other profession, but in farming it is a dead failure from the beginning, therefore it would be well for the young man who thinks the avocation of a farmer below his

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dignity and unworthy his talents, to consider that the farmer in the first place represents the most honorable of all professions, and second, that his is one which calls for the greatest skill and experience. Of course from a financial standpoint the farmer may fall below the others, but let it be realized that he is mostly always sure of his dividends as his investment has a solid foundation, and that there is very little risk of his going to bed with a fortune and rising in the morning a pauper. Besides let it be remembered that the country boy is nearly always sure of having a pretty good account at the bank of health; he has pure air and wholesome food and these in themselves are good equivalents for gold any day. He does not go to bed in a stuffy room, vitiated with miasma and lie awake all night listening to the infernal noises of a great city, nor does he rack his brains as to what is best for him to do on the morrow. Shakespeare says, "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown," and the head that is filled with money-making schemes that may never be realized, lies just as uneasy. Sleep loves a good conscience, and one of its favorite resting-places is on the pillow of the farmer, for though it may only be straw, it is preferred

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to the swan's down and costly hangings of the millionaire.

The white-winged dove of peace ever broods over the homestead of the farmer, the raven of unrest is generally at the door of city-dweller. For a time the pleasures and excitement and wondrous sights of a great city may give satisfaction and afford amusement, but they soon begin to cloy, and in a little space turn to dead-sea fruit; the apples that once looked so luscious and inviting will become ashes in the mouth. As long as money lasts the city is heaven in miniature, as soon as the money is gone, it becomes more horrible than the Ninth Circle of Dante's "Inferno." If you have no money, keep away from the city, avoid it as you would a lazar-house. The poor man, and especially the poor man with a family does not *live* there, though he dwells in its midst, he merely ekes out a miserable *existence*, and goes down to the grave without having experienced any of the joys or comforts of life.

I would say to the country boy,—Shun the city, keep away from it until your character and habits have been so fully formed that you will be impervious to temptations. Lay the foundations of your manhood strong and solidly in the country, so that there will never be any danger

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of their being uprooted, graduate in the country, so that when you enter the university of life in the city, you will be an experienced scholar, more than able to hold your own. Most of the distinguished men who have built the ramparts of greatness and success around this mighty nation were country-bred boys, but they had so firmly established the underlying principles of character before taking up their places in the crowded hives of men that nothing could bend them, nothing turn them away from the high purposes they had in view; the virus of contamination could not touch them. Of the twenty-six Presidents of the United States seventeen have come from the country, from the small farms around the small townships in remote districts; Roosevelt may be said to be the only city-bred man that has occupied the White House, but he at an early age severed himself from city surroundings and got close to the heart of nature and in close communion with the country-life. Fully 90 per cent of all the famous New Yorkers have been country-bred and all of them acknowledge their fame and success due to the foundations they laid as boys on the old farmstead. In fact there are one hundred country youths who succeed and make their mark in the world to one city-born and

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city-bred. For every country boy who fails in the race of life more than a thousand failures can be laid to the city.

And every day conditions are becoming worse in the city, for as the population becomes larger, competition becomes keener and the field more limited. The city is circumscribed as a centre for talent and already it is glutted with that commodity. 'Tis mainly the country at present that holds out any inducement for youthful brains to develop, so that they may benefit the world at a future day.

CHAPTER VI.

MAKING DIFFICULTIES YIELD TO ENTHUSIASM.

A man without enthusiasm is an engine without steam. Your brain will not move unless the water is boiling. Better boil over than not boil at all. Don't bank the fires in your furnace. To a man sneering at excitement, a Western editor pithily replied: "There is only one thing done in this world without excitement and that is to rot."

Enthusiasm generates the impulse that drives manhood on to noble achievements. It arouses a supernatural heroism in one's own forces. It is the driving force of character; it makes strong men; it arouses unsuspected sources of ability. The man without enthusiasm in his work has lost the race of life before starting. Emerson truly remarks that "every great and commanding movement in the annals of the world is the triumph of enthusiasm." Men fail because they flinch, fly the track, and yield before the obstacles that beset their path.

For a long time Edison's phonograph refused to say "specia," it dropped the "s" and

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said “pecia.” To produce that single sound he needed something delicate enough to receive impressions not more than a millionth part of an inch in depth, and yet rigid enough to carry the needle up and down, exactly reproducing the vibrations which had made the impressions. The scientists told him there was no such substance in existence. “Then we must produce it,” insisted Edison. They declared that it could not be done, because the qualities which he demanded were inconsistent and exclusive of each other. He declared it could be done, because it must be done and he did it—but Edison worked eighteen hours a day for seven months to secure that single sound. That is the story of success since the world began—difficulties yield to enthusiasm.

Dickens illustrated his saying, “there is no substitute for thoroughgoing, ardent and sincere earnestness,” by his living day and night with the characters of his creation. Correggio, when young, saw a painting by Raphael. His soul drank in its beauty as flowers do the moisture from the mist. Awakened to the consciousness of artistic power and burning with the enthusiasm of enkindled genius, the blood rushing to his brow and the fire flashing from his eye, he cried out, “I also am a painter!” That

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conviction carried him through his studies, blended the colors on his palette, guided his pencil and shone on his canvas, until the glorious Titian, on witnessing his productions exclaimed, "Were I not Titian, I would wish to be Correggio!" Michel Angelo was so filled with enthusiasm for his art and so afraid that money might taint his brush, that he refused to accept any pay whatever for his masterpieces in the Vatican and St. Peter's.

Joan of Arc honestly believed herself inspired by Heaven; her enthusiasm infused into others that belief, filled a dispirited soldiery and a despairing people with enthusiasm. The secret of her success was the boldness of her attacks. When her line of battle advanced with enthusiastic shouts the enemies trembled before the blow was struck and the charge was doubly terrific. Under the outburst of her enthusiasm she revealed her masterful power.

Napoleon's enthusiasm banished the word "impossible" from his dictionary. Other things being equal the degree of enthusiasm in any man is the exact measure of his conquering power. It was Robert Fulton's enthusiasm which pushed the Clermont up the Hudson. It was Edison's enthusiasm which chained electricity to the uses of man. Buxton, one of the

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leaders in the cause of slavery throughout the British dominions, who took the position formerly occupied by Wilberforce, was no genius, no great intellectual leader, mainly an earnest, straightforward, resolute, self-willed man and his whole character is most forcibly expressed in his own words, which every young man might well stamp upon his soul, "The longer I live the more I am certain that the great difference between men, between the feeble and the powerful, the great and the insignificant, is energy, invincible determination, a purpose once fixed, then death or victory. That quality will do anything that can be done in the world; and no talent and no circumstances, no opportunities, will make a two-legged creature a man without it." Of course there are limitations which no amount of enthusiasm, will-power or industry can overcome—no amount of sun-staring can ever make an eagle out of a crow.

Emerson said: "Nobody can cheat you out of ultimate success but yourself." Balzac's father tried to discourage his son from the pursuit of literature. "Do you know," he said, "that in literature a man must be either a king or a beggar?" "Very well," said the boy, "I will be a king." His parents left him to his fate in a garret. For ten years he fought ter-

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rible battles with poverty, but he came out victorious. The world wants men with the inflexible determination of Paul Jones, who, when surrender was demanded, audaciously replied, "Surrender? I have just begun to fight." There was something sublime in the enthusiasm of George H. Corliss, who said, at the time of the Centennial Exposition: "I not only can, but I will build the best machine the world has ever seen." And he built it. The world has no use for Micawberish men, who stand around, with arms akimbo set, until occasion tells them what to do. The world respects strong, stalwart, ironsided men. "I can't," never did anything, "I'll try" has accomplished great things, "I will," has wrought miracles. Don't flinch, flounder or fall. Grapple like a man and you will be a man. To succeed you must do as a woman does in a crowd at a bargain sale—hold your ground and push hard.

CHAPTER VII.

POOR BOYS AND GREAT MEN.

The cottage has contributed more than the castle to the making of manhood, the country has given birth to more great men than the city, and the University of Hard Knocks has graduated the best scholars.

Poverty, instead of pinching, dwarfing and shutting up a man, rather enlarges and ennobles him and sets him free.

The best dowry for a boy is a childhood spent out-doors. Eighty per cent of the college students come from the farm. The country and the common people have always given to the world its seers and sages. Call the roll of the great and glorious in life and death—they were born in mangers of poverty and cradled in obscurity. Fully eighty-five per cent of the possessors of palaces in America were born in poverty and brought up in the country. Genius has rocked her biggest children in the cradle of hardship. One of the winning forces in life consists in being handicapped. Columbus, discoverer of peerless, unrivalled, unapproached

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and unapproachable America, was the son of a weaver and a weaver himself; Homer was the son of a small farmer, and

“Seven cities claim him,—dead—
Thro’ which the living Homer begged his bread.”

Mohammed, founder of a new religion and who changed the face of empires, was an orphan at eight and afterwards a camel-driver; Copernicus, who introduced the modern system of astronomy was a baker’s son; Stephenson, inventor of the locomotive and Watt, perfecter of the steam-engine, were both of poor and humble origin; Shakespeare, to whose far-reaching, all-embracing genius all the world does honor, was the son of a wool-carder; Robert Burns, who has taken his place in the galaxy of British poets as an immortal, a star of the first magnitude, whose light glows brighter in the night of time, was a ploughman; Daniel Webster, the most versatile statesman America has produced, worked on a farm as a boy, and when a student at Dartmouth, a friend sent him a recipe to grease his boots, he sent back word: “But my boots need other doctoring, they admit water and even gravel-stones;” Henry Clay, whose passionate appeals and fervid periods placed him first among American orators, was “the mill-boy of

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the slashes," his widowed mother being so poor that she could not send him to school, but conscious of his oratorical abilities he began to speak in a barn with only a horse and a cow for an audience; Stephen Girard, the second richest man in his day, came to America as a cabin-boy on a vessel and commenced life in the New World with a six-pence, but he made the world his best school and industry his best capital; Cornelius Vanderbilt laid the foundation of his great fortune with \$50 his mother gave him of her savings to buy a small sailboat with which he transported market gardening from Staten Island to New York City; when the wind was unfavorable he pushed the boat along by poles and got his freight to market in season; after a while he began to run and build steamboats, putting his savings into railroads which were then being rapidly constructed; John Jacob Astor beat furs for Hayman Levy at a dollar a day; Nicholas Low, ancestor of Seth Low, laid the foundation of his fortune in a hogshead of rum purchased from the same employer.

Young man! don't say that you can do nothing, because you are poor, or because you can have no one to help you. Take down any encyclopedia or biography, or better still, look around your city or town and you will see that

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your distinguished men were rocked in the cradles of lowly cottages and buffeted the billows of fate, depending on their own energy.

You have no right to be discouraged on account of adverse circumstances or even feeble abilities, for every giant oak in the forest was once an acorn, kicked about by the feet of passing swine. Look about you for proof of what I say and you can easily corroborate my statements. The most successful men in business and professional life began in their shirt-sleeves. It seems that an essential condition of success is the necessity of working hard and faring meanly. Those who begin with fortunes generally lose them; those who begin life on crutches will always limp. Necessity is the stimulus to industry, hence the blessing of labor, which is the very root of all progress in the individual as well as in civilization and in nations.

Don't dream of some Hercules coming to give you a lift. All rich men's sons are not fools, any more than poor children are all wise, but the heaviest curse on a child, as a rule, is inherited wealth. Many a father is his children's worst enemy when he accumulates riches for them to squander. Beethoven said of Rossini, that he had the stuff in him to make a good musician,

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if he had only been well flogged when a boy; he was spoiled by the *ease* with which he composed. Many a man has been spoiled by the ease with which he began life. Success is chiefly due to one's own ability, determination, courage and will.

At the outset of your career form the solemn purpose to make the most of your powers and to turn to the very best possible account every outward advantage within your reach. Let no vision haunt you of some old uncle or aunt or some unheard-of relative conveniently dying and leaving you a trifle of \$20,000, with which you may earn \$100,000. Grapple like a man and you will be a man. Swim off and don't wait for anybody to put a cork under you!

CHAPTER VIII.

LITTLE THINGS AND SUCCESS.

Most of the great discoveries of the world have resulted from the attentive observation of little things. The art of printing which has developed the human mind, promoted civilization, liberalized men, revolutionized religious beliefs and changed the form of governments—owes its origin to rude impressions, for the amusement of children, from letters carved on the bark of a beech tree. A verger in the cathedral at Pisa, after filling with oil a lamp which hung from the roof, left it swinging to-and-fro; Galileo, then eighteen, noting it attentively conceived the idea of applying it to the measurement of time—after fifty years of hard study and labor he completed the invention of the pendulum. In like manner, Galileo, having heard that the children of a Dutch spectacle maker, by placing several pairs of spectacles before one another, and looking through them saw a distant object, was led to the invention of the telescope.

A sea-weed floating past Columbus' ships

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was a little thing, but it enabled Columbus to quell the mutiny which had arisen among his sailors at not discovering land, and to show them that the eagerly-sought-for new world was not far off.

The cackling of a goose is fabled to have saved Rome from the Gauls, and flies hastened the birth of American Independence. The Continental Congress had its meeting in a livery stable. Its members wore knee breeches and silk stockings and with handkerchiefs in hand they were diligently employed in lashing the flies from their legs. To so great an impatience did the flies arouse the sufferers, that it hastened, if it did not aid in inducing them, to promptly sign their names to that immortal document, the greatest ever penned, which gave birth to an empire republic.

McClellan lacked the dash and energy of Grant, but McClellan's patience for details put the Army of the Potomac, which had been broken-up and disorganized, in the condition which enabled Grant to hurl it with crushing force against the enemy. Grant said, "I'll fight it out on this line, if it takes all summer," but the lines on which Grant fought it out and won out were laid by McClellan who had compacted and solidified the separate units of each regi-

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ment. He personally arranged the details of camp life and superintended every department of the unwieldy body of raw recruits. His scientific skill in looking after details and his genius for small things built the bridge over which Grant marched to victory.

Napoleon combined the qualities of McClellan and Grant—he had first-class organizing ability and the power to execute his plans. We find the hero of Austerlitz directing the purchase of horses, arranging for an advance supply of saddles and giving directions about shirts for the troops. His familiar knowledge of details, premeditated and carried out to the letter, resulted in his colossal triumph.

The battle of Dunbar was decided against the Scotch, because their matches had given out. A bridge at Angiers, France, went down because the regiments kept step while crossing—the aggregation of similar treads became an irresistible power of destruction—aggregations of little either make or break.

Washington, even while President, was so attentive to little things that it is said he scrutinized the smallest of his household expenses. Benjamin Franklin impresses the value of small things in his illustration of the horse-shoe nail—for want of a nail the shoe was lost, for

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want of a shoe the horse was lost, for want of a horse the rider was lost, being overtaken and slain by the enemy.

Have a hobby for your spare moments. Bacon's fame is mainly due to books written in his spare hours while he was England's chancellor. Humboldt's days were so occupied with his business that he had to pursue his scientific labors in the night or early morning. Burns wrote his most beautiful poems in his spare moments while working on a farm. Grote wrote his "History of Greece" during the odds and ends of time snatched from his duty as a banker. "Moments are the golden sands of time," if rightly used.

As Michel Angelo explained to his visitor what he had been doing at a statue since his previous visit—trifles make perfection and perfection is no trifle. In God's universe there are no trifles; even the dust has its appointed place in the economy of nature—it gives to us the blue of the skies and of the sea. It is the canvas on which the sun paints the gorgeous colors of the morning and of the evening. Without dust there would be no diffused daylight; we should have to choose between the glare of the sun's direct rays and total darkness. To the presence of the dust we owe the formation of mists,

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clouds and rains instead of water-spouts and destructive torrents.

A very little thing makes all the difference. A touch of the lever and the paddles turn astern. Sand makes up the basis on which vessels are wrecked. Little things accumulate into character and determine destiny.

The foundations of the sky-scraping buildings are made of bits of cement, fine as dust, mixed with countless drops of water. So with our lives. The countless particles of the cement of little things must underlie all big things. Macaulay said—"You must dig deep, if you would build high." He might have added: "You must live in littleness, if you would rise to greatness." Wordsworth characterizes the "little nameless, unremembered acts of kindness and of love" as the "best portion of a good man's life." The real heroism of life is to do its little duties promptly and faithfully.

CHAPTER IX.

DOES A COLLEGE EDUCATION PAY?

The monetary question—will a college education pay?—is one which should not influence a young man's decision as to whether he should go to college or not. Education can never be discounted in any form, and the higher it is, the more it brings out a man's faculties and develops all that is in him, but sometimes it is better not to bring out all and let some of the faculties lie dormant. There is such a thing as being too smart, and similarly a man can be too learned, both for his own advantage and the good of the community. A learned criminal is more dangerous than an ignorant one. But apart from the ethical aspect of the question, the economic can be answered both ways. Higher education is the greatest advantage to some, to others it is a drawback. Very often on account of greed, sometimes owing to necessity, bright boys are taken out of school and sent to the work-shop, who, were they allowed to pursue their studies in the advanced fields of learning, would doubtless enrich the world

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with the product of their brains. Many parents pursue "A penny wise and pound foolish policy" in regard to their children. They think to add to the family hoard a few pennies salary, and for the sake of this, they dwarf the minds of their boys by taking them from school, stunt their undeveloped bodies by putting them too early to work, and thus cloud and blast all their future. 'Tis true that not all the boys put to work could reach the plane of a higher education, but they could obtain sufficient whereon to base a solid career.

What would not many of our rich men give for an education! Without it they only live half a life and they fully realize the defect. They are like nuts without the kernel, fair on the outside, hollow within.

Ignorance has ever been a misfortune; not alone has it kept millions in poverty, but it has retarded the progress of the world. The great problem of existence is not, how to make a living, but how to make a life—a life beautiful and bright and hopeful, looking ahead to a happy consummation, not a life of toil and drudgery and despair, with no ray of light to pierce the darkness of the future, but a life that shall be a glory and not a grind.

Money is not the criterion of success, nor the

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be-all and the end-all of life. A man should be ashamed to think that he has nothing better to leave to his children than money—such a man should be afraid to die. The lowest estimate of life is that which views it merely in the light of an opportunity to make money and with no thought whatever to those attributes of character which constitute true manhood and elevate it to a level with the divine. If money were its goal, life would not be worth living. Rich men have not enriched the world, rather have they retarded and impoverished it, but the poor men, —the philosophers, scholars, thinkers, toilers, the men who have despised the dross of gold for gold in itself, are the ones who have twined the laurels of victory around the brow of mankind and made the race rule from the throne of intellect.

The man who regards a college training mainly from the stand-point of its commercial value has an unworthy idea and himself is unworthy of such a training. Charles Dudley Warner says—“A man who has made the most of his opportunities, and who, in addition, has cultivated every faculty with which he is endowed, has won success.” To make the greatest possible progress, to become as perfectly developed as ability permits, means real success.

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A college training, or its equivalent self-culture, helps one to make the most of his talents. Such an education stands for an investment of power—it not only creates power, but increases it and promotes the demands of modern life—the power to think and the power to will.

The men of great enterprises are eagerly seeking those who are able to think clearly and those who are able to will promptly, or in other words, those whose assets consist in a thorough education.

All other things being equal, a college education prepares a man for big things in life—it strengthens the mind, brings the will under control, disciplines the faculties, gives a larger, clearer vision and a stronger confidence in one's self, and apart from the broadening and developing of character and the expansion of the mental endowments, there is the pleasure and the happiness it brings into one's life, the delightful associations, the satisfaction which comes from the feeling of the power to reach out and know that we can assist and be of help to others.

College friendships alone would compensate for the time and cost expended in obtaining a college education. Nothing else can take the place of such an education. True, a man may

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be learned, polished, refined, yet without the college training he lacks the discipline and that spirit of comradeship which characterize the fraternity. Nothing else so enriches life, broadens the views, ennobles the aims, strengthens the choice of right, clarifies the vision and gives such an exalted love for the beautiful.

Even from a business point of view, it pays. With an education you can make money, but with money you cannot buy an education. Of course many of our greatest men were born in the backwoods and what education they had was self-obtained, and it may be that had they been sent to college, they would not have become so famous as they did. But competition is much keener in our day than in theirs, so it behooves the man who would come to the front at the present time to be well equipped for the race. Still there are men of very mediocre education on the highest rung of the ladder of success, men to whom, in all probability, the higher education would have been a detriment.

Some years ago a young Westerner entered a leading college, but he got so tired of the curriculum that he remained only two weeks when he went back to the farm. He became very successful as a farmer, advancing until he owned 10,000 acres and was very wealthy. He got an

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invitation from the President of the college which he had attended for the two weeks, to be present at a Commencement exercise.

The President introduced him to the students: "This is Mr. M—," said he, "who attended our college for two weeks, and now owns ten thousand acres of farm land; I wonder how many acres he would have owned had he finished the college course!" "Not an acre," shouted Mr. M—, to the amusement of the students.

A nation's greatness depends upon the education of its people. The most educated nation in the world to-day is Germany, only 1 per cent of the population being illiterate; Germany believed in education, and she so influenced the popular mind as to be successful in drawing others to acknowledge her supremacy. The effect of education is seen on all her products; her goods are unrivalled in the world's markets.

What is true of nations is true of individuals. Educated men, as a rule, are at the front. Everywhere to-day they are taking the largest share of the prizes. The trend of the times has materially changed within a few years. Twenty-five years ago many of the college men went into the ministry, while many also took up medi-

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cine and law. Now but few gravitate towards the church and great numbers are going into commercial walks of life, into the great banking houses, insurance companies and manufacturing establishments. The trained mind as well as the skilful hand is now in universal demand and can command the highest salary.

There is no calling to-day in which the earning power of the industrious is not increased by education—knowledge without practical ability is useless, both must be combined to command attention. The comprehensive control of ability and the full development of the innate qualities constitute a true education.

The question is—what can you do? It is not where you were educated or what degree you hold, but what practical ability can you display?

Ninety-two per cent of our population earn a livelihood by manual labor, the remaining eight per cent enter into business or professional life. If your ambition is to be numbered among the minority, it will pay you to go to college. Of course, mere money makers can succeed without an education, but money-making is not the highest kind of success. The chance of a properly educated man in holding a position as against an uneducated one is as 250 to 1 according to United States Commissioner of Education, Harris.

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A college education has its defects and disadvantages. It is possible to over-develop the theoretical faculties, and this causes a weakening of the practical and executive ability which enables one to act promptly, vigorously and with precision, and moreover, a man is given so much time in college for the niceties and amenities of life, and is so accustomed to weigh and balance, that the rough world will lose patience with him and not take time to let him explain himself. For this very reason our best colleges are modifying their courses of study and introducing a practical utilitarian spirit into their classes in order to meet the demands of the times. College men have in the past, in a good many cases, been looked upon as impractical—theorists, dreamers, and because of this idea they were debarred from commercial life and relegated to some of the so-called learned professions, but this idea the public had of the college man is fast disappearing and he is coming to be recognized as an important factor in the business life of the nation. Formerly college training consisted mainly in Greek, Latin and mathematics. Today it is everything that touches life.

Great corporations are employing college men to the exclusion of others, for they find that

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the former can master details much quicker owing to the mental training they have received. On the whole the demand for thoroughly trained men is greater than the supply; \$10,000 to \$25,000 jobs go begging for the right men to fill them.

A college education is an investment of from \$1,000 to \$10,000 and the only men who cannot make interest on the investment are those who have no special qualifications as men.

CHAPTER X.

SELF-SUPPORTING AT COLLEGE.

Time was, when to work one's way through an American college was a matter of but little difficulty, only necessitating a fair amount of application, backed by the grit indispensable to success, even under the fairest circumstances, but of recent years a big change has taken place, and the student who would succeed now-a-days must needs be a "hustler," must have invincible courage and unflagging determination to reach the goal of his ambitions. The expenditures have mightily increased with the prosperity of the times. There is scarcely any comparison between the college cuisine and general living of to-day and that of thirty years ago. Then the fare was meagre and of but poor quality and other accommodations correspondingly inferior, so that students were more or less like anchorites in their cells, except that they were inflicting their bodies, not for the good of their souls, but for the good of their minds, but to-day, many young men at college live in sybaritic splendor, indulging every fastidious desire and

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whim of the passing hour. Yet it is possible still for the poor youth, amid the magnificent surroundings and luxuries which wealth creates, to carve his way to the front without doing so at the expense of his manhood or self-respect.

Money too often proves the undoing of the student, while the lack of it is the greatest incentive to spur him to endeavor and enable him to reach success. The college curriculum never calls for Bacchanalian revels, carousings and feastings, but it does call for hard, honest study which merits reward. The millionaire college man is handicapped by his gold, while the other fellow without such a burden is so much lighter that he easily out-distances the former in the race for honors. In the graduating classes of our leading colleges and universities the poor students are coming off the victors, gathering the laurels and bearing away the coveted prizes of learning. If the poor boy is a hustler, if he sets his shoulder to the wheel with grim determination to make it revolve, he cannot fail to accomplish his purpose.

Though the living expenses of college life are vastly increased, there is a corresponding increase in the methods of self-support. A hundred doors are open through which any young man of brains and perseverance and the neces-

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sary grit can pass to a college education, but some there are who keep their eyes shut and do not see the open doors, but to those who do and who possess the requisite qualities, there is every incentive to push ahead.

Penniless Italian boys have become wealthy real-estate holders by blacking shoes; some of our millionaires laid the nucleus of their fortunes by selling shoe-strings, others by peddling with packs and pushcarts and in a thousand other humble ways. Why then can not the ambitious boy with a goal in view make enough to enable him to attain that goal? There is nothing to prevent him, if he has tact and perseverance and wisely makes use of his earnings. At most of our colleges, including some of the best such as Brown and even Harvard, students can get board for \$2.50 or \$3.00 a week, by joining a co-operative society, and in Western colleges the scale is still lower. Tuition is cheap—\$50.00 per annum upwards. He must indeed be a poor hustler who cannot amass this sum at some legitimate business in his off hours. If he cannot do so he has no need of a college education, he is better without one. Such a small sum could be easily earned by selling newspapers, as many a boy has done, but this necessitates early rising and the boy who would

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choose this line must not be a sluggard. However, if the would-be student is gifted with talent, mental or mechanical, there are many directions in which he can put it to account, and though he will still have to hustle, much of toil and drudgery can be eliminated. For instance if he is a musician—the master of some instrument, such as the violin or guitar—he can find many engagements to net a little money—playing at concerts, musicals, “at homes,” weddings and social gatherings, etc.; if an elocutionist, a similar way lies before him of converting his talent into cash. But if the boy has a trade at his finger ends before entering college, he has an inexhaustible capital in himself and one which will stand him in good stead at every turn-round. For example, the young man who starts off to college with a good knowledge of stenography and typewriting has a small fortune at command. Work awaits him at every corner; the college has work for him, the merchant has work for him, the professional man has work for him, and from all he can reap a harvest to store away mental grain in the granaries of knowledge.

Newspaper reporting, especially reporting the different college games and other athletic news can be made a good source of income. Of-

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ten local papers have an opportunity at "rush" times for ambitious boys who watch their chances and are keen to seize opportunities as they arise.

In large cities, teaching in the evenings opens up a wide field for the youth who is desirous of getting along in the world. Thousands of students have used the teacher's desk as the first and best stepping-stone to fame and fortune. Many of the greatest men America has produced, men who have left their footprints deep in the world's history, began as teachers and with the money thus earned entered the colleges and universities to continue their studies and fit themselves for their real life work.

A boy with a business head will get along at college as well as outside of it. At Princeton and some other institutions, young men with executive ability run eating clubs whereby they get their own board free; some have little stationery stands in their own rooms where they do a thriving business, while not a few open boot-black parlors and cater to the wants of the fraternity in this direction. Every college has its agencies for laundries, athletic goods, etc., and these pay well for the trouble entailed in canvassing the students. Other kinds of canvassing yield a good emolument.

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If an ambitious young barber should happen to read this and make up his mind to seek a college education, let him go ahead, take his chair, his razors and scissors, his soaps and brushes along with him, set up the paraphernalia in his room and success is bound to come, if he has pluck and behaves himself.

If you are a tailor and sigh for new worlds to conquer, get a move on, make for the college you think best suited for your capacity, and start right in to keep your fellow students' clothes in repair and soon you will have more than you can do, you will have to call in assistants, and you will be, not alone making your way through college, but making money as well. One Princeton undergraduate pays his way and all incidentals by delivering the morning papers, several others by waiting at table.

During the vacation the ambitious boy has many opportunities. The sea-side resorts and the mountains clamor for help. Hotels, cafes, restaurants, clubs, swimming pavilions, etc., give employment to thousands and as a general rule, the college student gets first chance, for the manager is inclined to rely on his honesty and ability and besides likes to help ambition along, therefore, in nearly every case, he gives the college man the preference before all others.

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Sometimes it happens that the extra labor involved, the worry and anxiety to get on and succeed, undermines health and the whole beautiful vision of the future crowned with the glittering stars of success, passes away never to return, leaving the blackness of disappointment behind. Therefore, remember boys! that a college education can be purchased too dear—it is too dear when bought with the sacrifice of health. Health is the most priceless commodity in the world; when it is gone, all your capital is gone and you have nothing to return dividends for your support. Put health first, college after. Health and a college education always make a good working team, they hitch well together and can accomplish much.

Don't be ashamed young man to work your way through college, others have done it before you and came out on the top and were admired and respected for their grit and perseverance. The world wants such men, not the dawdlers and idlers who depend, not alone on their fathers' money, but their fathers' names to push them along in the race of life, which to them is no race at all.

“If by your father's worth, yours you rate,
Count me those only who were good and great!”

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The world wants you and not your father, it is waiting for you to come in as your father goes out, and do a man's part like a man, and worthy of a man in the right acceptation of that title.

Usually self-supporting students are the most desirable from an ethical view-point; they have no money to throw away in idle dissipations; they cannot afford to drink or gamble or smoke or take part in any of the reckless excesses which so often characterize the college life of the sons of the rich, therefore, they learn early to acquire habits of economy as well as of thrift and industry necessary to bring them through, and so develop into wise, steady level-headed men, the ones on whom the world depends for its stability and support. They know what it is to surmount difficulties, and as Epictetus says, —“Difficulties are things that show what men are.” The man who puts himself through college, clean, healthy, self-reliant, leaving behind a record for honesty and honor has proved himself, and needs no other credentials when he girds his loins to enter the stern battle of life,

CHAPTER XI

LUCK AND PLUCK.

Luck is a Fool, Pluck is a Hero.

The most fascinating myth in the folk-lore of any land, is the *leprechaun* or fairy shoe maker of Irish mythology. This conception of an ever fanciful and poetic people, was supposed to have the power of conferring on the one who captured him untold wealth, but it was extremely difficult to catch him napping. About three inches in height and gorgeously clothed in green breeches and scarlet vest he was supposed to be seen in the summer evenings seated on the green knolls industriously plying his trade of shoe-maker to the fairies, but was always keeping a weather eye open for those in search of him. The peasant who caught the little fellow was enriched for life. He had only to put him in his pocket and keep him there until the location of a crock of gold was revealed, in order to obtain his release. Even at this day, in the remote districts of Ireland the natives still believe in the myth and many of them waste their time and neglect their work seeking the leprechaun among the green hills.

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The only leprechaun and the one which is common to all lands is *opportunity*, which is only another way of spelling *pluck*. It has the power of enriching you, but like the other one it is very elusive; you must pluckily and persistently seek for it and when you find it you must immediately seize it and hold on to it with grim tenacity until it leads you to the desire of your ambitions.

Don't crave for good you have never earned; don't pray to luck to give you what does not belong to you; don't fancy that every rich and famous man has got his goods by some turn of the wheel of fortune. It is this philosophy that makes some people feel that the successful have no special right to their property or their honors and so they determine to get either from them if they can. These are the men who make our gamblers and loafers, of high and low degree; they may be people who originally meant no harm, but they came to believe in luck, and instead of looking on this world as a bee-hive of industry where men are rewarded, not only according to their talents, but according to their efforts, they regard it as a grand lottery in which shirkers have as fair a show as the workers.

Why does one man succeed where another

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fails? One takes opportunity, which has hair in front, by the forelock, well-knowing that, bald behind, once it turns its back he will never get a chance of gripping it again, while the other, waiting to hear a foot-fall from luck, lets opportunity pass his door, and thus many a man fritters away his time and his life.

The one has the alertness and enterprise to embark at the opportune moment and is carried swiftly to success, the other with equal facilities for reaching that desired haven, failed to embrace the opportunity and with arms akimbo set, waiting for occasion to tell him what to do, explains his past failures with the bogey "if,"—If this or that had not happened he would now be rich instead of poor, he would now be carried on the crested wave of a popular enthusiasm instead of groaning in the dark valley of misfortune.

Belief in luck retards progress, dulls the intellect, deadens the wits, debases the body and keeps its votaries ever behind in the race of life. The man who believes that his luck is against him—good luck—has cast over himself an insidious spell, and soon he will feel that it is useless to knock at the treasure-room of fame and fortune, that a deaf ear will be turned to him, because he comes to believe that door to be open only to its favored children.

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I know full well that many shrewd men with indefatigable industry and closest economy fail, while many a man with apparently none of the winning forces blunders into profitable speculations and Midas-like turns everything he touches to gold; yet I fancy that these same men are only apparently lacking the qualities that insure success.

The philosophy of luck is a moral palsy the cure of which can be found in pluck. The story of successful men shows that they did not find the opportunities lying around loose like rocks on a roadside. When the path of life is too easy to walk it generally happens that there will be a great scarcity of materials to make opportunities, but on the hard road you will find them at almost every turn.

In the Michigan State Penitentiary at Jackson a convict has taken a correspondence course in architecture. He had to work only six hours a day for the State, the time after that was his own and he improved it; now, he is not only drawing plans for the prison authorities, but is doing work for parties outside. Think of that—you, young men who spend your evenings in saloons and pool-rooms—free—yet frittering away your time and thus wasting your opportunities.

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The swinging lamp in the cathedral had been seen before by hundreds, but it was left to Galileo to seize the opportunity of its significance. Thousands of men saw apples falling from trees before Newton's time, but he alone had the foresight to grasp this opportunity for demonstrating the doctrine of attraction—the centre of gravity.

A man's opportunity usually has some relation to his ability, it is an opening for a man of his talents or means. It is not his luck, but rather his pluck that crowns him with honors.

Young men are heard complaining that they are worthy of higher positions and long for better opportunities, they want to succeed, but scorn the opportunities successful men improve. They want to be given a lift, shot up in an elevator or carried up in an air-ship, so that they may avoid the arduous struggles of those who have been successful.

Many a man loses his opportunity by slighting his work. Don't worry about your salary; increase your skill. Strive to earn more than you are paid for.

Never despair! Don't whimper! Be up and doing! and luck, in the right sense of that much perverted word, will some day be yours.

A "happy hit" may sometimes be made by a

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bold venture, but, in the long run, the safest road to travel, is the highway of steady industry.

Don't envy your more prosperous neighbor and again murmur, "he's lucky." Envy is the miserable expedient that lazy people resort to, to drown the reproaches of conscience. Don't persuade yourself that you have been unfortunate when you have been just foolish. The only bad luck is bad pluck, good luck is good pluck; no man ever lost his luck until he first lost his pluck.

God gives you enough when He gives you opportunity. A wise man will make more opportunities than he finds. Great opportunities are the wise improvement of small ones. If your opportunities are not good enough improve them.

Possess your soul in patience. Your time will come if you deserve it. Meanwhile make hay while the sun shines. Gather roses while they bloom.

CHAPTER XII.

HEALTH AND SUCCESS.

There is a vital connection between capacious lungs and a large brain power, the latter depending for its full force on the former. Good red blood corpuscles can be found only in a healthy body, and a healthy body depends entirely on a right course of living and is indispensable to success in life, in every calling from the humblest to the highest.

To withstand the severe strain of modern living and the keen competition of the present day, calls for muscles of steel and nerves of whipcord and only those who have the necessary stamina and life force can hope to successfully wage the combat in the stern battle of life. Weaklings go to the wall and are trampled down by the vigorous combatants as they impetuously rush again and again to the conflict.

In every path of human endeavor, from the laborer, who toils by force of arms and limbs, to the mental worker, who depends on brain power alone to wage the fight, a strong body is necessary to a realization of life's purpose.

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Success is another name for power, and power is simply energy and the physical endurance which generates resources. Put one man in an arid desert and he will wrest a living from the barren soil, put another in a fertile valley and he will actually die of starvation, because the former exerts the latent power that is in him, while the other allows it to lie dormant and will not arouse it from its lethargy. Nature is niggardly, she will not give up her treasures until they are wrested from her grasp by mighty endeavor; she even denies a bare living to those who will not work for it, though indirectly she has to provide for the human parasites who will neither toil nor spin, but she makes up for their support by exacting a correspondingly larger measure of toil from her other children.

Many men have been handicapped in life's race by a cruel fate, but they were big enough to rise above misfortune and conquer all obstacles. Demosthenes was of puny physique, but he triumphed over weakness, made his voice heard in the councils of Greece and left a name as the world's greatest orator. Homer and Milton were both blind, but by iron determination they overcame their misfortunes and enriched mankind by the genius that was theirs. Carlyle suffered all his days from dyspepsia,

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but this did not keep him from battling bravely until he won the laurel branch as a master of English literature. Ruskin, one of the greatest of thinkers and keenest of philosophers, bore the martyrdom of ill-health, but never let it impede his great work. Our best historian, Francis Parkman, throughout life was an invalid, yet he will live forever in the invaluable histories he has written. These are only a few grand exceptions that prove the rule, that the men of enduring power and elastic nerve do most in the world. If these men were so able to school themselves and make their imperious powers obey their indomitable wills, under such trying difficulties and adverse circumstances, what might they not have accomplished had robust health been theirs, had not physical ills been so strong against them?

The world is yet thrilled by the bravery of Leonidas and his gallant band of three hundred at Thermopylae and how in that rugged mountain pass they defended the glory of Greece and Western civilization against the Persian hordes, against the ignorance, fanaticism and oppression of the Asiatic barbarians. There was only one sick man at Thermopylae and he traveled from Alpeni to share the conflict that made his name immortal. The Duke of Well-

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ington stood four-square to every wind that blew. Gladstone, Webster and Clay thundered their periods with voices that knew not weariness or fatigue. Grant on Mt. Gregor, even in the throes of dissolution, rose like one of the wounded gods of Homer, drove death back and kept him at bay six months while he finished his "Memoirs."

Business men who succeed are healthy. A vigorous constitution is necessary to the commercial man; the mental strain is severe, to say nothing of the physical, and a sound body is required at every turn to combat both.

Ignorance of the laws of health and hygiene sometimes entail very serious consequences, marring the beauty and the usefulness of life. Learn above all things how to conserve health, as it is the most valuable asset you can possess. Carelessness of health is a crime. Breathe pure air at all times and never neglect to take a sufficient amount of exercise necessary to keep the body in good working order. Keep your surroundings well ventilated so that the atmosphere can never become vitiated. Open the windows in the home, the office, the workshop, the mill, the schoolroom and the church; never sit in a close stuffy chamber or breathe another's breath, as the oxygen is exhausted and what remains is gaseous poison.

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Lack of sleep and overwork are ruinous to the American people and are rapidly undermining the health of the nation. Benjamin Franklin said,—“Six hours sleep for a man, seven for a woman and eight for a fool.” I take eight.

The strenuous life is accountable for many of the ills. Men are in such a hurry to catch the world by the speed of foot, that they have no time to devote to their health. Merchants, professional men and all kinds of business men bolt their luncheons, while on the wing, so to speak; no time is given for process of digestion, and thus instead of building up and strengthening the system to enable it to withstand labor, it simply poisons it and cuts life short. Then, at night, these men rush to their homes fagged out and they cannot sleep on account of the cares of the world pressing heavily on their shoulders, and in the morning they arise haggard and unrefreshed to commence the same programme over again, and this goes on from day to day and year to year with no let up. It is not at all strange, then, that American men are prematurely old at fifty, just at an age when they should really be commencing to live. The same is true of American women. So-called social duties claim their time and the sacrifice of

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their health, and they, too, are old women before they reach the meridian of existence.

When the lust of gold no longer burns in the veins, when health is placed before wealth, then may we look forward to a nation of strong men and women who will conserve the heritage of the past and insure the greatness and glory of the future.

One reason why the country boy out-distances his city brother in life's race is because his body has been better developed in the best of all gymnasiums, the farm. Guiding the plough gives strength to arm and leg, pitching hay makes broad shoulders, sawing wood toughens the muscles, milking cows develops grip and every other occupation of the farm tends to make strong fibre and healthy bodies, whereas the most active outdoor exercise for thousands of hollow-chested youths in the city consists in carrying a huge cane.

Athletics like everything else, have their use and abuse. Interest in manly sports, sports that will build brawn and brain and not brutalize or degrade, is a healthy sign of the times, but American-like we have swung from the one extreme of neglecting healthy exercise to the other of devoting too much time and attention to athletic games. To-day Hercules is the pop-

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ular deity, he has driven Minerva from our college halls and reigns solitary and supreme. Baseball is more popular than grand opera and a prize fight draws more attention than the rise or fall of a cabinet minister. We no longer worship in the temple of learning, but bow down before Muscle in the roped arena or the grid-iron field, but perhaps better this extreme than the indifference that formerly characterized us and gave us a nation of weak chests, deficient lungs and flabby muscles. Many may deplore athletics gone mad, but even this is better than the old-time antagonism that looked upon a ruddy cheek as a sign of depravity.

Now-a-days the stalwart physique crowds every vocation and storms every gateway of progress. The two absolutely necessary attributes to reach the heights of success are strength and character, the former to be shaped by the latter. Manhood needs to be muscular and the muscle needs to be manly. But brain is more than biceps and the will more precious than the fore-arm. Better a will that can resolve like Napoleon or persevere like Washington, than the power to lift a thousand pounds avoirdupois or swim the English Channel.

CHAPTER XIII.

HURRY AS A SUCCESS KILLER.

When Perseus told Pallas Athene that he wanted to go forth to meet Medusa the monster, the lady smiled and said: "You are too young, my child, too unskillful; return home and do the work awaiting you there." Good advice!

Too many of us attempt the work for which we are unfitted, hence the great number of failures in all walks of life. Many a poor doctor would make a first-rate carpenter, while many a botch at the bench could make an immortal name for himself in the world of medicine or surgery. You can never fit a round man into a square hole or a square one into a round hole, and it is much worse than useless to make the attempt, for it will result in failure. No one can successfully war against nature. A silk purse cannot be made from a pig's ear. Without the right kind of timber you cannot construct a seaworthy boat, nor can you build a house with a single material. So with life. Certain qualities must be present in the individual to insure success along any line. The trouble with Amer-

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icans is, that they will not take time to draw out those qualities and use them in the right direction. Hurry and bustle, noise and confusion, rush and roar are characteristics of our national life to-day. It is a good thing to be progressive, to have a go-ahead spirit, to push on and even crush on to the front, but we should keep in mind that rush and push do not constitute the best policy at all times. Indeed the old Scotch proverb comes in true in many cases,—“The maur haste the waur speed.”

Americans are in haste all the time—they are in a hurry to work, a hurry to rest, a hurry to eat, a hurry to dress and a hurry to sleep, they go all through life in a hurry and in the end die in a hurry, for their natural forces are so spent that they fall almost in their tracks before they realize that death is near. The vital statistics show that but a very small part of the population die of lingering diseases. Most of the people are cut off in a few days' sickness. Men and women drop dead on the streets; heart-failure is given as the cause, which is simply another name for exhausted vitality.

As Shakespeare says—“Men perish in advance as if the sun should set ere noon.”

Like Atlas we seem to carry the world on our shoulders, and think, if we stop, that it will topple off into space. No! we do not think, we do

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not take time to think about the matter at all, we just go on and on for fear the world would come to grief if we stopped. We madly rush forward, lighting our candles at both ends as well as in the middle to see ahead. No wonder they burn out pretty soon.

The first words the newcomer hears as he lands upon our shores are "Step lively," and they ring in his ears all the time he remains in the country. Every one is stepping lively from the liveried messenger boy, rushing with his calls, to the gray-haired septuagenarian speeding to his bank to pile up millions for those that will come after him, but who will not even thank him for the lively stepping.

When the foreigner for the first time looks upon the surging thoroughfares of our cities and watches the scurrying crowds rush hither and thither, he naturally inquires where the fire is, and is dumbfounded with astonishment when he learns that the people are simply hurrying about their business. It is all business, business with Americans, and they are so busy trying to keep abreast of it, that they have very little time for the amenities of life. Their motto is Longfellow's stanza—

"Let us then be up and doing
With a heart for any fate,
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait."



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Save that they eliminate the last phrase. They learn to labor, but never to wait. Like time and tide, Americans wait for no man. They will not even wait for themselves, trying to emulate the man who ran so quickly around a tree that he caught sight of his own back.

They are not only in a hurry, but they also overdo everything. They eat too much, they dress too much, they indulge in pleasures too much and they are guilty of too much extravagance in nearly all things. They hurry and rush and bustle to amass, and then turn round and in as big a hurry recklessly waste and squander in foolish and health-destroying excesses and inane pleasures. They go in summer to the seashore and the mountains, and instead of building up their health, break it down, and return in a state of lassitude and enervation really pitiable. Physicians will tell you that their services are in greater demand after the holidays than at any other period of the year.

All the time, however, the spirit of restlessness broods over the nation, hatching nervousness and physical degeneracy into life, with the result, that the people become inoculated with the baneful virus and succumb to its effects.

The racking, rushing, never-ending grind is an American disease both endemic and epidemic

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and may well be called "Americanitis." It attacks all, from the youngest to the oldest and no one is immune from its encroach. The school-boy and the school-girl suffer from it as well as their parents. Youths are pitch-forked through college at the present time, so great is the ambition to join the giddy whirl of the money-makers in the temple of Mammon. Education is crammed into them just as grain is crammed into the crops of fowl to fatten them for the Christmas markets, but as such grain is not conducive to the health of the fowl, neither is the cramming system of education beneficial to the students as mental food. It does not even fatten them in learning for the time being, not to speak of a permanent value. But as the fowl must be prepared for the market some way, so the young must be prepared for the scramble of life, which is more like a football scrimmage than a sane method of complying with the rules of God and nature.

In the business sections of the cities at the noon hour you can see some lively sprinting to get at the quick lunch counters, where men and women bolt the food like starving hyenas in order to get back to their places in the wild race whose terminal is nought but the grave. These people are like human locomotives with the

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steam ever up and the wheels ever revolving until the water in the boilers becomes exhausted; then there is a break-down on the road and the old engine is thrown on the junk heap of oblivion.

In the frenzied whirl we try to annihilate time and space. Our fathers thought twenty miles an hour rapid transit, we are not content with a velocity of sixty. Twenty years ago it required ten and twelve days to cross the ocean, now we make the trip in five, and soon steamships will be too slow altogether for us, we shall only be content with air-ships. We are looking forward to the time when we will glance over the morning paper to find out where the weather will be finest for that day within a radius of a thousand miles, then order down our aerial wings to waft us to the desired spot.

Electricity girdles the world in the flash of an eye. We thought we had achieved the limit when we linked shore to shore with the telegraph wire, now we can stand on one continent and talk to our friends on another over the waste of waters without using a wire at all. We do not despair of soon making a trip to the moon or having a chat with our neighbors on the planet Mars. We have revolutionized our own little earth; soon it will be too small for us and we will sigh for more worlds to conquer.

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The great characteristic of our age of haste is lack of anything solid or substantial in the work accomplished. Much is flimsy and transient with a view to please the eye only. The masonry of the sewers and aqueducts built by the ancient Romans are as solid today as in the days of the Caesars, because their foundations were laid on rocks of adamant and years were spent on their construction. We try only for exterior beauty and think nothing of interior solidity. Everything now-a-days is made to sell. Wheat is sold before it is sown and chickens before they are hatched, and by the way, so great is the hurry to get the chickens that in many cases they are not hatched in the natural way, but forced into life with electricity.

It is good to be in a hurry when the occasion demands, for in modern life, the race almost always goes to the swift of foot, but we can be in too much of a hurry, the hurry which puts to flight all the joys and sweetness and brightness of life, the hurry which leads through the portals of broken health to the dark shadows of an early tomb.

Nerve specialists say that suicides are the result of exhausted brain-cells. When conscious that zest in life is evaporating, that life itself is becoming a bore, go out into the woods and sleep

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and recuperate until the old enthusiasm returns, until you enjoy existence as the lambs and calves that chase one another over the fields and meadows and pastures, and as healthy, happy boys do when they glide over fields of ice in the crisp air of a winter day.

CHAPTER XIV.

WORRY AS A SUCCESS KILLER.

Worry saps nervous energy and robs the body of the strength necessary for the real work of life. It is wholly bad, for it never counteracts with the slightest good any of the evil it accomplishes. Never has it been known to benefit but always, on the contrary, to injure. It is an insidious enemy which works even while we sleep in the land of dreams, twisting and distorting the beautiful visions of that land into horrible, hideous, grinning things, whose memory haunts us in our waking hours. It fags the brain, wrinkles the brow, dulls the eyes, withers the cheek, enfeebles the hands, enervates the arms, palsies the limbs and places the crown of age on the brow of youth. With one hand it points the way to the lunatic asylum and with the other beckons onward to the suicide's grave. It is the inflexible, implacable enemy of success, which ever succumbs to its onslaught and which it buries in the dust of despair never to rise again.

Poise is necessary for the well-being of man,

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it develops and at the same time controls, and keeps the lever of mental equilibrium so adjusted in its proper place, that the balance wheel will not get out of running gear to the wrong side.

The man who worries is never self-centered, never balanced, never at his best. Mental anxiety takes away vitality and push and leaves lassitude and languor behind. It deprives manhood of virility and womanhood of the strength required to fulfill her place as wife and mother and discharge the duties of her station in life, whereas the self-poised man and woman have confidence in themselves to dare and do, they never wobble or stagger from side to side, but push right ahead in a straight course, keeping their destiny ever in view.

They who believe in themselves, who are conscious of their own force of character, of brain and of body, touch the wire of infinite power and can accomplish what would be utterly impossible to those who lack the vital energy which waits on self-concentration and knows not worry. There is enough of this vital energy wasted in useless, harmful worry to run all the affairs of the world.

The greatest friend, as well as the worst enemy of success, resides within yourself. Look

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on the dark side of life, walk in the gloom, mope in the shade, predict failure, anticipate trouble, and you will attract evils as honey attracts flies in the summer, for troubles have a natural affinity, one for the other. They are like a nest of hornets; you should avoid them, for once you prick one, all fly out to thrust their venomous stings in every point open to attack. Therefore, good advice is—

“Never trouble trouble till trouble troubles you.”

Gloomy forebodings come home to roost; they love a dark perch and this they can readily find in the brain that is given to worry. Loathesome creatures, such as toads, lizards, beetles and vipers love dark cellars and avoid the sunlight; let in the health-giving, disease-destroying, bright and beautiful rays and they scamper to their holes, there to remain in the darkness until the light is gone. Let in the rays of light, of hope, of trust, of confidence to your brain and they will dispel the ill-omened ghouls of worry which have taken up their abode there, they will lighten it and brighten it, giving birth to harmonious, healthy thoughts which shall invigorate both mind and body and clear the way of every obstacle which lies in the path of success. Bright, hopeful thoughts, belief in one's ability to succeed will insure success.

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Complain of your hard luck and you will poison the atmosphere of your surroundings by pictures of failure which you create in your mind. You can't plant night-shades and grow roses,—like produces like. Sour seed sown will produce its own peculiar crop, but good seed planted always gives a ripe fruition and an abundant harvest.

Remember that there are two sides to everything, the one towards the light and the other towards the shade. No matter how black a cloud may appear to earth, the side towards the sun is as white as a pack of carded wool, and if you just have patience to wait awhile and not worry, you will see the black side of the cloud turning white as soon as the sun's rays strike the earth and are reflected back.

We often anticipate disasters that never come. Worry breeds fearsome things, but they exist only in the abstract and can never tangibly materialize unless courted into life by discontent, despondency and pessimism. Then the disasters that are dreaded come, because worry and anxiety have so enfeebled the powers of the mind, so lowered the forces of resistance, that their victims fall to earth when they might easily have conquered their foes.

No man can accomplish anything until he

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believes he can. When you doubt your ability, you begin to waver, become uncertain as to your course, liable to strike a rock and finally go to the bottom. Doubt and disbelief in yourself frightens away determination, puts courage to flight, courts disappointment and woos failure.

Entertain no thought of defeat, marshal your forces, put them in charge of those three invincible officers, "I will," "I can," and "I must," and you need not fear, but you will win a glorious victory and plant your standard on the sun-kissed heights of success.

Put all your past failures behind you, forget them, let the dead past bury its dead, don't cry over spilt milk; yesterday's flowers will never bloom again; last year's apples are Dead-Sea fruit; the spoken word can't be recalled and the hour-glass of time when its sands are run can never be re-filled. The Past is behind, the Future ahead. Forget the one, look with hope to the other. It is as important to learn to let go as it is to hold on. Let go what can't help you, cling to that which can. You can make the future bright and happy if you will. It lies with yourself to do so. Think success, read success, believe in success and success will surely be yours. All the great men and women who have accomplished mighty deeds and benefitted the

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world have been firm believers in themselves. In their lexicon was not found the word, "fail," because they eliminated it, and kept ever in sight the shining goal of success, which they reached by faith and hope, diligence and perseverance, and above all, confidence in their own powers. Emulate them and you will succeed.

CHAPTER XV.

DRUDGERY AND SUCCESS.

Nothing great has ever been accomplished in the world without hard work, and what people in their simplicity call genius is merely the knack of putting one's shoulder to the wheel of life and never taking it therefrom until inch by inch and step by step you have rolled it up the steep hill on whose crest is the mansion of Success.

Genius is mainly the capability to work, to work hard, unremittingly and unceasingly until your object is attained.

We hear and read of intellectual giants, industrial giants and giants in every field of action, but if we take time to analyze their lives and works, we will find that they were not giants at all,—just ordinary individuals like ourselves, save that they so trained themselves and so dominated their wills, that they availed themselves of every possible moment of time they could and put it to good use, while others were standing idly by, letting the golden gems of time slip through their fingers, never realizing that once lost they were lost forever and that no art or device could recover them.

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If a man sets out on a journey with a certain objective point in view and at intervals sits down by the roadside to rest himself, or if he has a chat with every individual he meets, he cannot expect to reach his destination as quickly or as soon as the man who started for the same goal, but who did not tarry on the way or allow his neighbors to detain him. The most mediocre of men can attain great things and be looked upon as geniuses if they only try,—it is the want of trying that keeps them behind when others push to the front and causes them to write their name on water when they might have carved it on porphyry.

What costs a man little is usually worth little. Examine into the great lives and you will find the amount of toil that lies behind them is immense and that every laurel in their crowns was placed there by downright, honest, hard work, at the expense of body or brain.

Walter Raleigh was a man who gave the impression of achieving things with ease, yet it was of Raleigh that Queen Elizabeth said,—“he could toil terribly.” Much of the world’s hard work has been done under the pressure of poverty. Dr. Johnson wrote “*Rasselas*” in order to raise money to bury his mother. Lee invented the spinning-jenny to earn bread for his children.

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Drudgery, that is, work in itself not pleasant, establishes the habit of work which alone can make high achievements possible. Carlyle was a good example of the pains and gains of drudgery; he always spoke of literature as an uncongenial trade, for he obtained its prizes only at the expense of almost inconceivable labor; his books were literally wrung out of him; he went twenty times over the confused records of the Battle of Naseby to be quite sure as to the topography. Dante wrote his great epic under intense strain; he could take no rest from the time he conceived the work and every waking moment was devoted to evolving situations to suit his sublime conceptions, so that before the "Divine Comedy" was completed he had grown old and lean, a corporeal shadow amid the shadows of his brain.

Alfred the Great, the Saxon king of Britain, was a paragon of attainments for his time and shed as great a lustre over the 9th century as Charlemagne did over the 8th. When asked how he found time to accomplish the multifarious tasks he set himself, he answered: "I find time by never losing it." And this reply is also the answer to the riddle of success. The successful men of the world found time by never losing it; at an early age they realized that the

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mill cannot be turned with the water that is past. All the great men of our own day are hard workers. It was hard work that built a strong body for Theodore Roosevelt and so brought him to the Presidential chair.

There may be such things in the world as luck and chance, but wise men never take a risk on them,—they make their own luck and get their own chance. If you sit down and wait till something comes your way, it is very probable that that something will go the other way and you can sit there as long as you please.

You must be up and doing, utilizing every minute of your time if you would be successful. Never put off: procrastination is the thief of time; you have no lease on the future and tomorrow's sun may never dawn for you. Don't linger in the road of Bye-and Bye, for if you do it will bring you to the town called "Never" and drop you into the ocean of eternity as you cross its threshold, with your hopes unfulfilled, your ambitions unrealized, your life altogether negative.

Some may think that constant work will make a man a drudge without any pleasure in the world at all,—so it would if the man did not train himself to have an aptitude and a love for the work, which all can do, and then the drudgery in itself becomes a kind of pleasure. In

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the end we may all be divided into two classes, the drones and the drudges, or the idlers and the workers,—the drudges or the workers “get there,” the drones or the idlers are left behind in the race.

Constant dropping wears away the hardest stones and constant drudging can accomplish wonders. Slow as is the pace at which a snail travels, in time it could reach Jerusalem. If you get tired at one thing take up something else equally as useful. Some men get relaxation from one labor by taking up another,—try to be so enamoured of your work, that you won’t get tired; try to fall in love with your work and be an ardent wooer. John Adams became tired of his Latin lessons and asked his father to excuse him from them. “Certainly, John,” said the father, “instead you may dig some ditches—the bog needs draining.” Digging was so productive of reflection by that first night that young John begged permission to resume his Latin on the morrow. He became one of the pillars of the Revolution and the successor of Washington as President.

Cyrus Field entered A. T. Stewart’s store as an errand boy at \$50 a year; he said he was there before the partners came in the morning and did not leave until after they had gone in the evening; then he spent every evening in the

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Mercantile Library and joined a debating society; he was rewarded for his faithfulness, and his example is worthy of imitation. A. T. Stewart himself owed his success to downright drudgery. John Wanamaker walked four miles every day to Philadelphia and worked in a bookstore for \$1.25 a week.

It was to drudgery that the old masters owed their success and fame. Angelo studied anatomy twelve years, posting himself on every curve and convolution and angle and elevation and depression of the human body, and this drudgery determined his style. In painting he prepared his own colors; neither servants nor students dare mix them. Raphael, who died at the early age of thirty-seven, gained his success by keeping constantly at his chosen profession. "I've made it my principle," said he, "never to neglect anything." DaVinci often went to work at daybreak and did not come down from the scaffolding to eat or drink till the light had left him. Millais said, "I work harder than any plowman; my advice to boys is—'work.'"

Charles Darwin collected his facts with almost incredible care and perseverance. On one of his subjects—the action of the earth-worm in the formation of the mold—he spent a period of forty-four years from its commencement to publication. Peter the Great won his real crown

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and throne by sturdy toil. Demosthenes was hissed and hooted as a stutterer and a stammerer; he went down to the beach, filled his mouth with pebbles and practiced shouting to the rocks until he became the greatest orator of all time. Plato wrote the first sentence in his "Republic" nine times before he had it to suit him. Gibbon rewrote the first chapter of "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," ten times and spent twenty-five years on the whole work. Rufus Choate declared that success was not an accident, "you might as well let drop a Greek alphabet and expect to pick up the Iliad."

Drudgery is the secret of success every time. The old German inscription on a key, "If I rest I rust,"—is as true of men as it is of the iron in the key. To be bright and shining, to be successful and consequently happy, we must keep ourselves polished with the oil of work.

One of the chief lessons young men must learn is the nobleness of drudgery, doing that which may not have any immediate effect in stimulating the best powers, and which may but remotely serve the purpose of general advancement. It is our business to contribute to the general wealth of life—others sacrifice for us—and the one who ignores his obligations to serve his generation is a traitor to the race.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE VICTORIES OF YOUTH.

Youth is the time for accomplishment, though many great achievements can be put to the account of those who had passed the meridian of life, before they made their mark in the world. Franklin did not commence his philosophical experiments until he had reached his forty-sixth year; Wellington fought the battle of Waterloo at the same age, and Grant received the surrender of Lee when he was three years younger; at forty-seven Nelson had won a peerage by his gallantry at Trafalgar. Columbus was fifty-four before he discovered America, Lincoln did not crown his matchless career until he was fifty-three, when he emancipated the slave. Cromwell was fifty-five when he refused the crown of England. Galvani made his discovery at the age of fifty-two. Milton was fifty-seven when his great work, "Paradise Lost," appeared. Goethe, completed "Faust" when eighty years old. Da Vinci painted the greatest picture of all time, "The Last Supper," when he was seventy-seven. Michel An-

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gelo raised the cupola of St. Peter's when he was eighty-seven. Palmerston died Prime Minister of England at the age of eighty-one. Bismark at eighty was a controlling power in European politics. Gladstone did his best work when he was beyond the four score mark. Sophocles wrote Oedipus at eighty. Cato, at eighty, learned the Greek language that he might talk back to his mother-in-law. Many of the greatest of America's literary men did their best work with the shadows of the tomb lengthening around them on account of old age, notably among them being Longfellow, Bryant, Holmes and Whittier. Hundreds of cases might be adduced to show that none but the sickly and the physically incapacitated need despair, or say they are too old to learn, or that they have outlived their usefulness.

But it is to the victories of youth, more renowned than those of age, that I would call attention. Youth is the table-land of activity on which the foundations of success are laid whose corner stones may be said to begin on the one side at the age of twenty and terminate on the other at the age of sixty, thus giving forty as the medium or key-stone on which the principal arch of success rests. This is certainly the most active age of man, and one when he should be

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at his very best, both physically and mentally, though some, indeed many, have won their honors in the race of life before they have come to the two-score milestone.

At fifteen, Victor Hugo presented a poem to the academy and Bossuet, at the same age, dazzled all who heard him by the fluency of his eloquence. At sixteen, Pascal wrote a treatise on the Conic Sections, and Bacon had pointed out the errors in Aristotle's philosophy.

At seventeen, Mozart was entertaining the Court of Germany, and Washington Irving delighting the readers of the *Morning Chronicle*. Mendelssohn produced the beautiful "Midsummer Night's Dream" and Bryant his poetical phenomenon of "Thanatopsis," when each was eighteen.

Charles XII., king of Sweden, with 10,000 troops routed 50,000 Russians under Peter the Great, at Narva, when he was nineteen; at the same age George Washington was a major.

At twenty Weber was producing symphonies; Schelling had grappled with the philosophy of Kant; Galileo had discovered the use of the pendulum, and Lafayette was a Major-General. At twenty-one Beethoven was famed as a musician; Alexander stood at the head of his army on the plains of Thessaly and Tasso had begun his

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immortal poem of "Jerusalem Delivered." At twenty-two Paul Potter painted "The Young Bull," now in the museum at The Hague, said to be one of the finest animal pictures on canvas; at the same age Campbell wrote his "Pleasures of Hope," the work on which his fame as a poet rests.

Browning wrote "Paracelsus" at twenty-three. Bailey gave us "Festus" when no older, and Wagner had written his wonderful musical composition, "Lohengrin," at the same age. Emmet thrilled Ireland with his pathetic patriotism before his twenty-third year and Michel Angelo had completed "Pieta," his masterpiece in marble. It was also at this age that Newton made his discovery of the law of gravitation.

At twenty-four William Pitt was Chancellor of the Exchequer; Ruskin had written his "Modern Painters" in five volumes, which established his reputation as England's greatest art critic, and Sheridan had produced "The Rivals," at the same stage on life's journey.

At twenty-five Aeschylus was the most famous poet of Greece, Coleridge had finished the marvelous metrical poem of "The Ancient Mariner" and Don John of Austria had won Lepanto.

At twenty-six Howe invented the sewing ma-

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chine; Roger Williams had aroused all the intolerance of New England, and proved himself the pioneer of religious liberty and the first type of a true American. Benjamin Franklin had written his best philosophical work, "Poor Richard"; at the same age Mark Antony was the hero of Rome; Hannibal was in command of the entire Carthaginian army and John Wesley had identified Methodism with one of the world's greatest denominations; it was also at twenty-six that Charles Dickens produced his best and most popular novel, "Oliver Twist."

At twenty-seven Eli Whitney invented the Cotton Gin, Calvin wrote his "Institutes of the Christian Religion," and Napoleon led his brilliant Italian campaign.

At twenty-eight, Raphael painted his masterpiece, the Sistine Madonna; Thomas Moore wrote "Lalla Rookh" and Pollock his "Course of Time."

At twenty-nine, Scipio gained the battle of Zana and James Watt revolutionized the industries of the earth by making steam the most powerful agency in the progress of mankind, by commercially uniting the nations. It was at the age of twenty-nine that Shelley died after enriching the world of literature with his unrivalled poetry.

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'At thirty, Luther broke the sable night of the sixteenth century; Charlemagne had made himself master of the French and German Empires; Cortez gazed on the golden cupolas of Mexico; Alexander Hamilton had formulated our Federal Constitution; Horace Greeley had founded the New York *Tribune* and John Howard Payne had sung his deathless song of "Home, Sweet Home."

'At thirty-one, Rennie planned and built the London Bridge; Lescot, the Louvre; Christopher Wren was commissioned to rebuild St. Paul's London; Champollion announced his wonderful discovery of the Egyptian alphabet and Maurice of Saxony secured religious liberty for the Protestants in Germany by the memorable treaty of Passau.

'At thirty-two, Clive established British power in India; Rubens painted his "Descent of the Cross;" Sir Philip Sydney, one of the brightest figures of the Elizabethan age, died; Schiller published his history of the Thirty Years' War, recognized as the best historical work of Germany and Joseph Story became Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States.

'At thirty-three, Napoleon was Emperor of France; Phil. Sheridan rode on a foaming steed twenty miles, seized his retreating army and hurling it upon Early, snatched victory out of

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the jaws of defeat, sending him, with his rebellious hosts, flying up the Valley of the Shenandoah; Wolfe scaled the heights of Abraham at Quebec, dispossessed the French of their possessions in Canada and gave two provinces to England; Correggio had produced his three world-renowned pictures, "The Assumption of the Virgin," "Ecce Homo," and "The Penitent Magdalen;" George Stephenson made his first locomotive; Edison had harnessed electricity to the uses of man; Gray wrote his "Elegy;" Poe his "Raven" and Thomas Jefferson the "Declaration of Independence." Byron died at thirty-six and Burns at thirty-seven.

Such are some of the young men of yesterday; their success before forty is an inspiration to the young men of today. Who shall take up the work fallen from their lifeless hands? There are fresh victories still to be won, as important as those already achieved. It is for the young men of our day to emulate the example of the brothers who have gone before. They are the trustees of posterity. Therefore, let them robe themselves with purpose, face the future manfully and enter upon the work that lies before them with undaunted courage and unfaltering trust.

CHAPTER XVII.

TACT VS. TALENT.

Tact is the compass which points the way for the good ship Talent to reach the port of success. The vessel is sound from prow to stern, the keel is burnished, the machinery in perfect working order, the masts and spars of strongest timbers, she answers the helm at every turn, but without the compass to guide her course, the helmsman knows not whither he is steering and at any moment may drive her on the rocks or on a hidden sand-bar and so send her to destruction, but with the compass set and the needle true to the pole, he can guide her unerringly to the right port and safe anchorage.

Tact guides talent. The latter in itself is valuable, but it requires the former to put a premium on the value.

Talent is a man with money but who does not know how to use it until tact comes along and shows him the way in which to dispose of it to the best advantage. The talented man fails, the tactful man, never. Talent is power; tact, skill; talent knows what to do; tact knows how

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to do it. Theorists talk; practical men act. Philosophy is good enough in its own way, but its principles must be applied, put in force to realize results. Talent elevates a man to a plane above his fellows, but if he has not tact to back it, he will not retain his elevation long; he will soon tumble to a depth lower than that of any upon whom he looked down. Talent takes a back seat; tact pushes to the front; talent sets out upon a journey; tact gets there ahead; talent sells a man what he wants; tact, what he does not want.

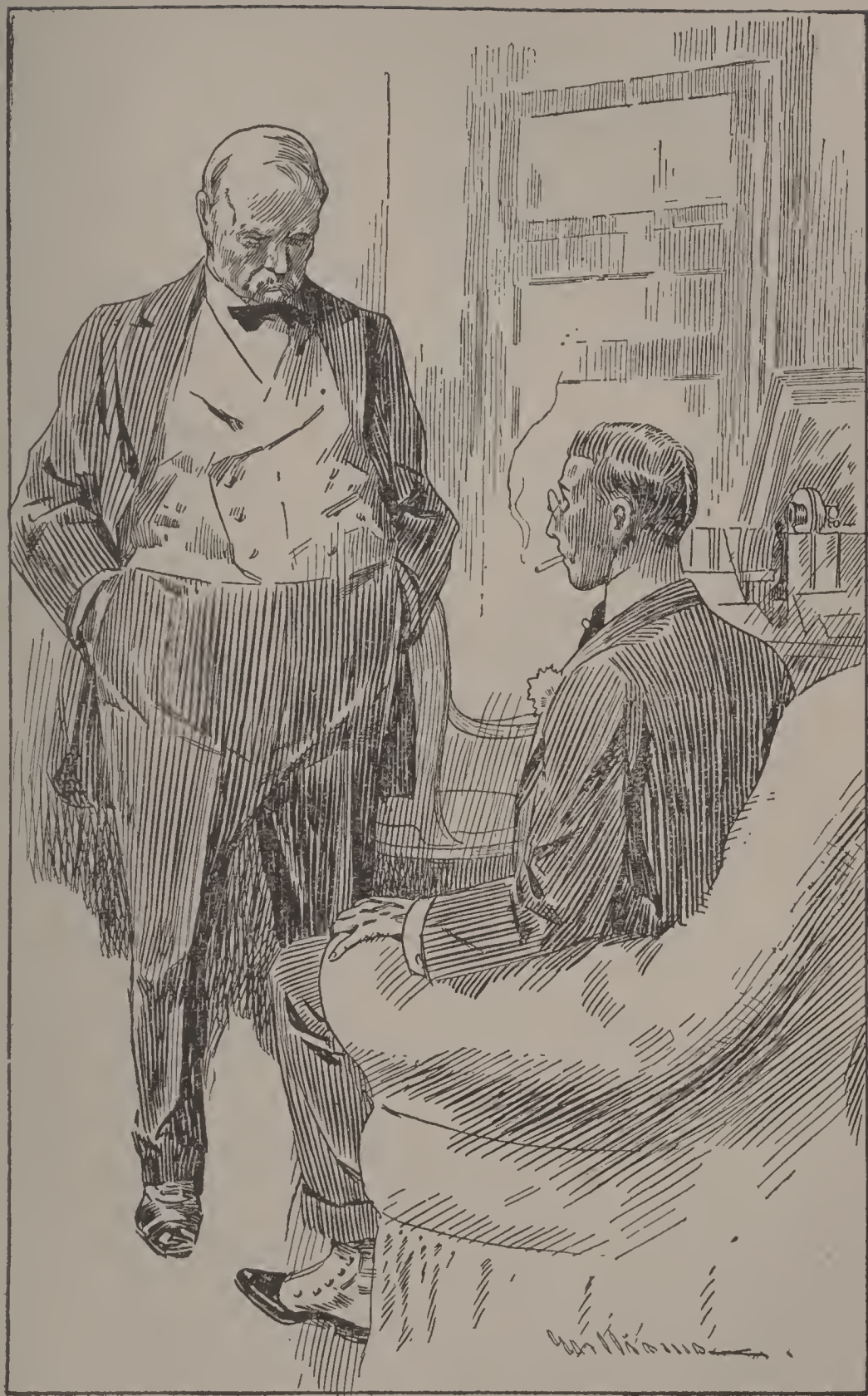
Intellectual culture may be purchased at the expense of moral vigor. It is possible to be so rounded and cultured and refined that the individual faculties suffer and there is energy in none. Mother wit very often beats Alma Mater. The best diploma is the book of acts, and is more valuable than any sheepskin. The world wants and respects the man, who can accomplish things, put his thoughts and words into actions and show results. The education that cannot grapple with life's problems is incomplete, in fact, is not education in its true meaning. A young college man had received a check from his father and presented it at the bank for payment. The cashier informed him that he would have to endorse the check, whereupon, the young

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man took out his fountain pen and wrote: "I heartily endorse this check."

Another youth boasted of his being a graduate of two universities. His father took him into his business, but the learned (?) son showed little aptitude for a commercial life and made several blunders. The parent took him to task and severely lectured him. The son did not take kindly to the paternal reprimand. "Do you realize, sir," he irefully exclaimed, "that I am a graduate of two universities?" "What of that," rejoined the father, "I once had a calf that milked two cows, and the more it milked them the greater calf it became."

The world's greatest men have not been polished scholars. Many of the world's best achievements have been brought about by men who had little or no book learning. The men who wrested Magna Charta and laid the foundations of civil liberty could not write their own names. Bolingbroke, scholar and statesman, fled an exile from England, while Walpole, who scorned literature, held power for thirty years. The speeches of Benjamin D'Israeli were literary luxuries, polished by the rhetoric of genius, but they never laid down a single principle of policy, nor did their talented author ever bring forward a great measure, that was not



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ignominiously rejected, hooted out of the House, while Sir Robert Peel, whose orations at best were but platitudes, and whose quotations were usually from Eton's grammar, reversed his country's financial policy, regenerated Ireland and died with the blessings of all Englishmen on his head. Charlemagne could barely sign his own name. Frederick could not spell in any of the three languages whose words he habitually mispronounced. The strongest hand that held the helm of our government was that of a man who was born in the backwoods, never went through a college and had but little of the learning of the masters; yet what master was as great as Abraham Lincoln?

Books, as Bacon has justly observed, can never teach the use of books; it requires tact to do that. Bacon, though sagacious in study and a lucid thinker, had no business sense. The force of Addison's genius gained for him the proud and enviable position of Home Secretary under the British Crown, but he was incompetent to discharge the duties of the post and was compelled to solicit his own dismissal and a pension of 1,500 pounds (\$7,500) a year. Cowper was one of England's best poets, a man of extraordinary ability, but he hopelessly bungled his own affairs. Beethoven, music's master, whose fingers made him a fortune, did not know

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enough to cut the coupon from a bond when he wanted money, he put in the whole slip. Machievelli, consummate master of all tricks and stratagems of politics, was not clever enough to earn his own bread. Sir Isaac Newton, scientist and philosopher that he was, cut two holes through his door to give ingress and egress to the cat and her kitten, the big hole for the cat and the smaller one for the kitten; he had not the practical sense to see that one hole was enough.

It is possible to polish the mind too much by education; to make it so bright, so glittering that the slightest breath or rub against the world will dim its lustre; in a word it can be too refined for action, just like the hair-spring of a delicately balanced watch; when the steel is too finely drawn out the movement is too fast and defeats the purpose of the mechanic. It is possible for a college man to know just enough to prevent consciousness of his ignorance, and there are many who do not know even that much. Learning is not everything. There must be something more. There are some who merely skim the pool of knowledge and think they know as much, and more than those who have explored its depths. Pope wisely and tersely says:

“Goethe at Weimar toiling to the last,
Completed Faust when eighty years had past.”
“A little learning is a dangerous thing—
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring.”

Tact vs. Talent

It does not necessarily require great learning to make a man successful in life; indeed very many of those who have carved their way to the front ranks, have been men of but mediocre education, or lacked book learning altogether, but they had a natural talent and backed it up with tact which showed them just what to do under the circumstances in which they were placed. In the modern system of education, the fact is commonly overlooked, that it is better to have the mind well disciplined than richly stored. The mind is like a large store-room which can be filled with very valuable materials, but often so arranged that you cannot get what you want when you most desire it. The man who has his faculties so ordered that he can, at any time, bring forth what he needs at that particular time, is he who has cultivated tact and calls it to his aid in all difficulties. Tact is faculty of doing the right thing at the right time and place.

I am not underestimating education as an important factor in the progress and well-being of any individual, for education measures a man's capacity to labor, gives him a stronger hold upon his mental forces, enables him to put forth his efforts to the best purpose, strengthens the capability for well-directed action and in almost every way increases the facilities for getting along in the world. It always pays, in the

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end, to empty the pocket-book into the brain, for, like the sand in an upturned hours glass, it will flow back again. Learning cannot be discounted in any walk of life, in any trade or profession or avocation or calling. It is as useful to the street-sweeper in his own place as to the banker in his. The educated farmer can make two blades of grass grow where only one grew, and can make his crops give a better return than those of his neighbor who is handicapped by ignorance.

It is possible to have ability without availability. Many people don't know enough to take hold of things by the handles, they grasp them at the first point of contact, with the result that they have to let go quickly. Again many mistake the use of their tools. You wouldn't consider him a wise workman who would undertake to do with a shovel what requires the use of a spade. Yet many display such ignorance in their every-day work; they do not employ the right means of attaining their object in life. In meeting the daily tasks and difficulties they rely solely on mental or physical strength to accomplish their ends, never taking into consideration the tact that is necessary to bring to a successful issue any work which is worthy of being accomplished.

Business is built up by tact; without it the

Tact vs. Talent

business-man can never hope to make any kind of a success in the commercial field. The lawyer needs it in the courts, the doctor needs it in his practice, the professor needs it in the classroom,—all need it at every turn and phase of life. It is the open eye, the quick ear, the judging taste, the keen smell, the alert hand that is put forward to seize when the opportunity offers. Many a brainy fellow is begging for bread because he lacks this one indispensable quality of tact, whereas there are thousands who have not one-quarter of his talent or ability reaping rich harvests from the world, for the reason that they know how to use the sickle of tact to cut them down.

China is among the oldest civilizations of the world; her people had arts and sciences when the now flourishing and boasted polities were sleeping in the night of barbarism and ignorance; they knew the art of printing and the use of gunpowder ages before either was introduced to Western knowledge, but they did not know how to make use of their discoveries until others had to show them and so could not take full advantage of their progress. It is the same with individuals as with the Chinese. Many do not know how to take advantage of their knowledge, to use it to their own and their neighbor's

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good, simply because they have not tact to do so.

Tact is a child of necessity. People under tropical suns and where little clothing is needed, where food is found ready prepared, rarely exhibit a high state of civilization or progress, because they have not the necessity to put their faculties to the test to make a living. The highest development is always found where men have to struggle hardest.

CHAPTER XVIII.

KEEP YOUR IDEAL IN SIGHT.

Without an ideal in life you are a ship without a helm and compass, tossing about at the mercy of wind and wave, drifting hither and thither, liable every moment to become submerged or dashed to pieces against some hidden rock. The port of success may be hard-by, but as there are no means of determining its location, she restlessly tosses onward, to finally meet destruction and sink from sight beneath the treacherous waters that wanton and gambol around her ere clasping her in their deadly embrace.

On the ocean of life, the harbor must constantly be regarded as the objective point, to reach which, every energy must be bent, every latent force called into action and every effort put forward to gain the desired haven.

The mind is the compass, the body, the helm upon which we must depend to enable us to reach our destination, therefore it behooves us to guard both well, for if either is knocked out of gear there is bound to be a deviation in the

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course, and once off the track it is difficult to get on it again.

The man, also, who loses an ideal or has never had one, is like a person running a race on a dark night,—he does not know the right direction, nor is he aware of the obstacles that lie in his path. He is sure to stumble and may never reach his goal.

The ideal must always be kept in sight, and it should be a high ideal, a noble ideal and one which is practical and can be realized, not a chimerical fancy away in the clouds of the Impossible.

It is not given to all to be geniuses, to soar to the highest peaks and look down from the eyrie of fame on the rest of the world plodding along in the valleys of the Commonplace below. Geniuses are few and far between, but really great men and women are common enough, and what makes them great? The power to do things, to make the world better for their presence, to benefit and elevate their kind. They are the people who keep ideals in sight and who work and work hard to attain them. After all, genius is but another name for hard work. When a man makes a distinguished name for himself, does something out of the ordinary, you are apt to exclaim,—“Oh, he’s a genius.” Not at all. He

Keep Your Ideal in Sight

is simply a hard worker. He has the capacity for doing things and he does them. You may have the capacity, too. You don't know until you try. Poverty, oppression or any kind of difficulty cannot keep a good man down. Nearly all our Presidents, and with few exceptions, the greatest of them, were born poor—very poor. Lincoln was a rail-splitter, Grant a tanner, Garfield a mule-driver, yet who can say that these boys had not the White House in their minds' eye from the time they came to realize that their glorious country spread the mantle of equality over all her children alike, and that the gates of Fame lay open to all who would enter their shining portals.

A little boy, one day, in the village of Greenock, in Scotland, sat with his head between his hands, watching a kettle boiling on the fire while his mother was kneading the dough for griddle-cakes. The lid of the kettle began to move up and down under the pressure of the steam beneath. At each rise and fall of the lid, the boy would say to himself,—“Jamie, mon, there's power there.” Suddenly his mother turned around and giving him a stinging box on the ear, exclaimed,—“And Jamie, mon, there's power there; to think of sic an idle ne'er-do-well sitting by the fire while his puir, auld mither is a'most deid frae work.” Little did the honest woman

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dream that the “idle ne’er-do-well,” afterwards the illustrious James Watt, was at that moment perfecting his ideal and inventing the steam engine.

Another Scottish laddie, Thomas Carlyle, was born in the obscure village of Ecclefechan, in Roxburgh, where only himself and the minister could read the Bible, but he had an ideal,—he saw a chair waiting for him in the Temple of Fame and day and night and night and day he bent all his energies to secure that seat and never stopped until he occupied it as the greatest master of English literature.

These sturdy, Scotch youngsters had ambition, they had ideals, but, just like you, they did not know of what they were capable until they tried.

Poverty, instead of a drawback, is often an advantage—a stimulus to action, an incentive to effort, a spur to advancement. All around us we see verifications of this statement—Cornelius Vanderbilt began life as a ferryman, John Jacob Astor as a dealer in skins, Guiseppe Sarto, a peasant’s son, rules the Catholic world as Pope Pius X.

There is always need for a man to go higher and always room at the top. “Everything is crowded”—down-stairs.

Do not envy the merits of another, but respect

Keep Your Ideal in Sight

them and try to go higher yourself, try to be first, never rest satisfied,—those who are never quite satisfied are the doers, the men who accomplish something and benefit both themselves and their kind.

Aspire! Look up! “Hitch your wagon to a star!” To aim low is a crime. Belief in the heroic makes heroes. Keeping a high ideal in sight strengthens the mind, widens the thought, clears the vision and enlarges the manhood. When all your expectations are fulfilled you have crossed the dead-line. Thorwaldsen exclaimed to a visitor,—“My genius is decaying.” “What do you mean?” asked his friends. “Why, here is my statue of Christ,” replied the great sculptor, “it is the first of my works I have ever felt satisfied with; until now my ideal has always been far beyond what I could execute, but it is so no longer; I shall never have a great ideal again.”

Remember that you are something more than an animal; you are an immortal, therefore, let your aim be higher than to pander to animal appetites and pleasures. Elihu Burritt became one of the greatest scholars this land has known, yet he was ridiculed for his determination to realize his ideal. His master frowned upon his ambition, but he soon found that the boy could

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shoe a horse much quicker and better for his increased knowledge. Get all the knowledge you can; it is never a drug in the market, but on the contrary, has always a premium upon it.

The idealists have improved the world, they have made it better, brighter and happier. The man who aims at the sky is apt to shoot higher than the man who singles out a tree for a target. The discontent you feel comes from doing your work in the spirit of a drudge. It is the spirit in which the work is done that lends to labor its dignity and honor.

Life is grand, noble, divine, God-like,—it is mean only to those who make it so.

When work is cheerfully done and with an ideal in view, it transforms itself into a pleasure and beautifies, decorates and sweetens life.

Be up then and doing, always keeping an objective point in view. Don't allow yourself to be the sport of fate or the plaything of destiny,—you can make your own fate and shape your own destiny. Lead an upright, honest, virtuous life, try to do all the good you can,—and such will merit fame enough for any man—

“Leaving behind you no stain on your name,
Look proudly to Heaven from the death-bed of Fame.”

CHAPTER XIX.

MANNERS AND SUCCESS.

Good manners often do more for a man than money or influence. They open many a portal to the aspiring which would otherwise remain closed, and lead the way to recognition and success. The man of polish, of suave and courtly bearing has a much better chance of getting along in the world than the man of a rough, overbearing disposition who endeavors to attain his ends by brute force regardless of the feelings or rights of others. Oil runs smoother than water every time and penetrates recesses where the other cannot enter and moreover keeps everything bright and shining and in good working order while the water is liable to rust and corrode and wear out the machinery.

The human wheels must be greased with the lubricant of good manners in order to wear well and avoid friction. They will be easier turned and consequently be able to cover more ground than if allowed to become clogged with biliousness and ill-humor, with grouching and growling and general disagreeableness. Sunshine

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irradiates both light and life around, while darkness casts gloom everywhere and is inimical to the vitality of being.

[Be sunny, be cheery, have a pleasant word and a friendly greeting for all with whom you come in contact, be open, just, generous, affable in your business transactions and every-day life and you cannot fail of success. You will be surprised to find out how much agreeable manners contribute to success, and what a sesame they can give you into all ranks and all places. They admit you into the presence of royalty itself and place you on an equality with kings. The courteous, well-mannered man can go anywhere; the boor is repulsed from every door. Coarseness, vulgarity, an ugly disposition lock the gates of friendly feeling, put up the bars before the warm heart of welcome, draw down the blinds on the windows of love and make all within cold and sinister and forbidding, whereas courtesy, cheerfulness, good breeding hold a pass-port to homes and hearts, gain an *entree* into every shrine and sanctuary of human feeling and receive a cordial invitation to return.]

Manners make the man and man can determine the manners. Lord Chesterfield, the paragon of excellence, well knew this when he said to his son,—“All your Greek can never advance

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you, but your manner, if good, may." A pleasing manner may gain you fame, Greek roots alone never can. You may be able to repeat by rote the twenty-four books of the Iliad and recite the Odyssey, but be turned away from the door, while the man is taken in who can scarcely read the family prayer-book.

An attractive every-day bearing is bred in years, not moments. Success gained by main force is often gained by great waste of power. You must carefully cultivate the flower of a pleasing address if you would nurture it into a thing of strength and beauty to withstand the heat of summer and the cold of winter—great care must be given, in order to make it a perennial plant; day by day you must watch and tend it. Yet everybody can train it if they will, and now-a-days it is almost a necessity to have it in your garden.

Emerson says,—“Give a boy dress and accomplishments and you give him the mastery of palaces wherever he goes. He has not the trouble to earn or own them, they solicit him to enter and possess.”

Good manners go farther than letters of recommendation—like the gold standard, they are current the world around.

The well-mannered man usually gets first place. A position is always open to him who

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has a pleasing way; he can make himself twice as valuable as the gruff man, and attract while the other repels. Nobody likes to patronize ill-mannered people, they are shunned as much as possible by those who wish to walk on a smooth path and enjoy the amenities of life. Few of us like to walk in the shade of the cypresses, when a flower-spangled path is just beside, which, instead of leading to the tomb of failure, stretches onward in the sunlight to the goal of success.

Good breeding counts in all walks of life, but it is especially indispensable to the man in the public arena. Affability wins popular favor at every turn. To quote Chesterfield again: "Oil your mind and your manners to give them the necessary suppleness and flexibility,—strength alone will not do so."

Aaron Burr lost the Presidency by one vote, but he became Vice-President, outdistancing men of twice his character and ability, owing to his suave and courteous manners, his polished bearing and magnetic personality.

Always keep polished; rust eats away and destroys. Don't let ice-water get into your veins; keep the good, cheerful, warm blood coursing through them. A smiling countenance and kind words will do more for you than a fat pocket-book and the "pull" of your friends. Good manners have brought men to the front, while

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both money and "pull" have left them behind. Josephine's fascinating manners did more for Napoleon than any dozen of his most loyal adherents.

The art of pleasing may be said to be synonymous with the art of rising in the world. Of course there have been some notable exceptions of men who surrounded themselves with a nimbus of gloom after they emerged from the chrysalis of genius, but these, after all, missed the brightness and the beauty of life. Michel Angelo was a stern, cold, forbidding man, and though people admired his works they did not admire himself; he had few friends and fame did not bring him happiness. Columbus was unsocial and taciturn and to this disposition may be attributed the mutiny of his crews, which with difficulty was allayed on his voyage of discovery to the New World. Dante was never invited out to dinner in his life and during his exile from his home and his wanderings throughout his native land, was never welcomed at any fireside; he remained a hermit to his countrymen.

On the contrary, the brilliant men who had warm hearts and polished manners worked their way into the love of the multitude. Charles James Fox, even when he had gambled away his last dollar, was beloved by the people because of his gracious manner. Gladstone was the idol

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of the English race, despite political hatred, owing to the charm of his personality and winning ways, which also gained for him many a vote and won many an election. The genial, kindly, lovable life of William McKinley endeared his name to the homes of the American people, and his untimely death plunged a nation into tears, regardless of all political affiliation.

The "I don't know," "I don't care," "None of my business" kind of man stays where he starts. More than their ability, their manners have put most successful men where they are today.

Show courtesy to others, not because they are gentlemen, but because you are one.

Shabby clothes and rude manners are no longer looked upon as the eccentricities of genius. If a genius who has firmly established himself prefers to go around shabby, remember that what will be charitably called eccentricity in him, will be regarded as a serious defect in you and will retard your progress. Emulate the genius if you will, but not in his bad manners.

If you are a young man struggling for a career, it behooves you to call to your aid all the requisites to success that you can, and among these, one of the foremost, if not the first, is good manners.

CHAPTER XX.

DRINK AND BUSINESS.

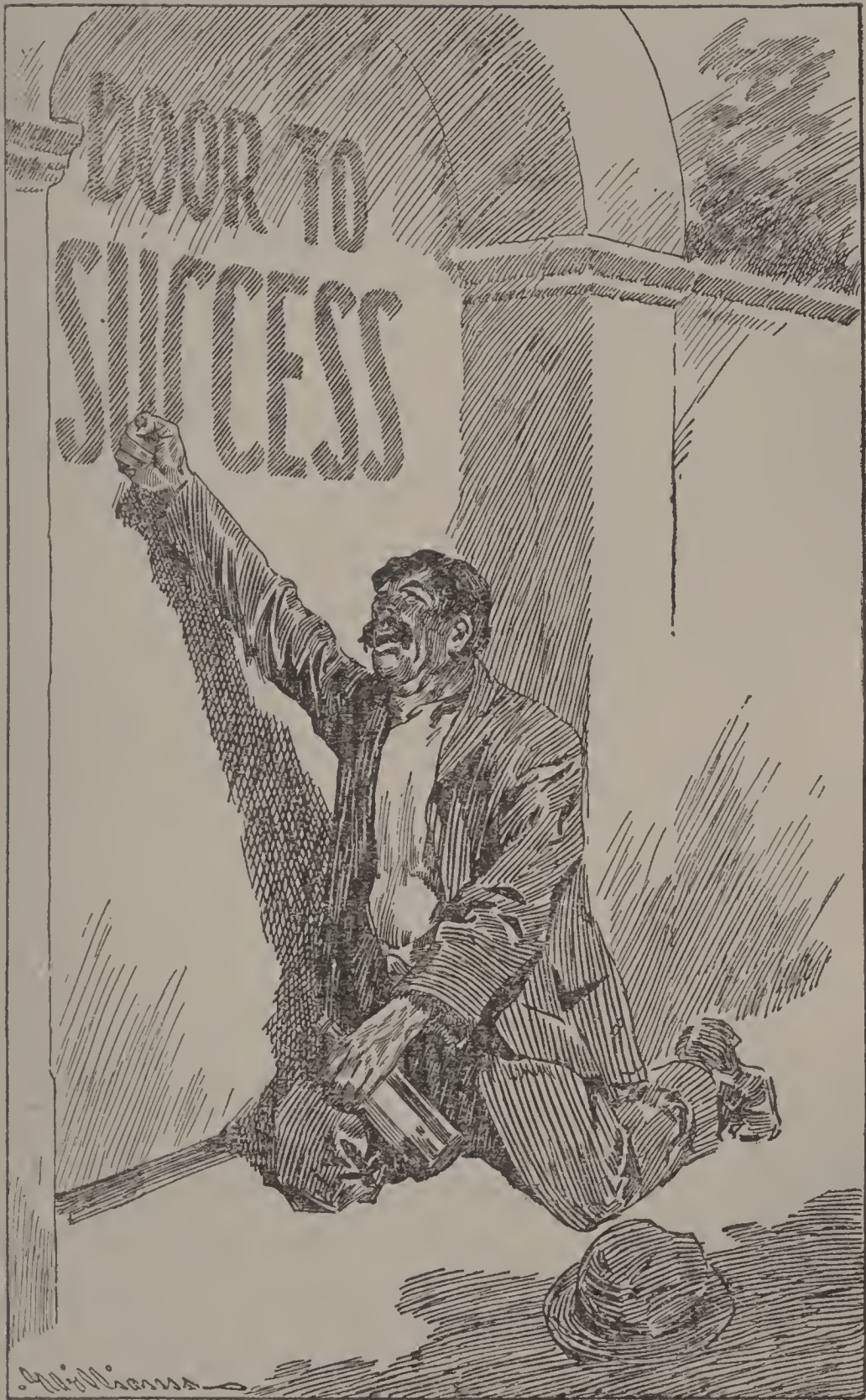
The world of business has put a ban on the drinking man, it does not want him, has no use for him, and consequently slams its door in his face.

A few years ago Carroll D. Wright, then United States Government Labor Commissioner, addressed inquiries to 6,673 manufacturers all over the country. More than half of these, employing over a million men, replied and 75 per cent of them declared, that they made every endeavor to secure those not addicted to the use of intoxicating liquor in any form. This shows the stand this country is taking on the drink question. She knows the dangers of the drink evil to her future progress and she is taking steps to safeguard herself. She is barring the gates of opportunity on drinking men and leaving them solitary outside the pale to go their own way to ruin.

Every line of business is barring out the inebriates and admitting only the steady and the sober who can be absolutely relied upon to dis-

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charge their duties to the best of their ability. Even those engaged in the liquor traffic as a business will not have employes who drink, for they know that such kind of help can never make good, can never be as serviceable and efficient as those who wholly shun the sparkling cup and keep their heads clear for every emergency. Whiskey drummers are now sober men; they no longer sample their own wares when treating customers; if they drank they could do no business. Bar-tenders are sober men also, and for two reasons,—1st, they would lose their jobs if not sober; 2d, they daily, hourly see such fearful, terrible results of the drinking habit that their very souls revolt against it; all that is manly and honest in their natures cries out against it, and hence they shun it as a monster whose ravening jaws are open to devour them. Indeed all who have to depend on hand or brain for a livelihood are beginning to realize, to the full, that abstinence from liquor is utterly imperative to any kind of success in the life race. Competition has become so keen in our day that only the very best have any show of winning, and certainly no man can put forward his best or be worthy of himself if he indulges to any extent, however slight, in liquor. It is now a question of the survival of the fittest all along



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the line; the unfit go to the wall every time. Principle, character, honor, honesty, truth, grit and sobriety must now blend in a man if he wishes to forge ahead or even keep his place in the contest. Without them he must inevitably fall behind.

One day the late H. B. Claflin, merchant prince, was sitting in his office when a pale, careworn young man timidly knocked and entered. "Mr. Claflin," said he, "I am in need of help; I am unable to meet certain claims because certain parties have not done as they agreed to, and I would like to have \$10,000; I came to you, because you were a friend to my father, and I thought you might be a friend to me."

"I am glad to see you; sit down; have a glass of wine?"

"No, I don't drink."

"Have a cigar, then?"

"No, I never smoke."

"Well," said the joker, "I would like to accommodate you, but I don't think I can."

"Very well," returned the caller, "I thought perhaps you might. Good day, Sir."

"Hold on," said Mr. Claflin, rising, "you don't drink?"

"No."

"Nor smoke?"

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“No.”

“Nor gamble?”

“No.”

“Nor anything of the kind?”

“No.”

“You shall have the money, my friend,” said Mr. Claflin, the tears coming into his eyes, “and three times the amount you ask. Your father let me have \$5,000 once, and asked me the same questions; he trusted me, so now I will trust you. No, don’t thank me,—I owe you the obligation for your father’s trust.”

This incident—the implicit trust the great merchant put in the young man on account of his answers to the questions asked—proves that good habits alone can gain confidence. Will any man of sense put trust in a drunkard? No, for drunkenness is not alone a disqualification for confidence in itself, but it is the parent of a numerous progeny of evils which, like a train of ghouls, ever follow in its footsteps, seeking to blight and blast with their upas breath everything that comes in their way. Every infringement of the decalogue, every crime in the calendar can be traced to the door of drink. It has broken every commandment that God gave unto Moses for the observance of the Law.

(1) It has dethroned God in His sanctuary

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and set up its own bestial appetite as an apotheosis in place of the Divine.

(2) It has made itself a graven image of its own gluttony; it prostitutes itself down before it, and as the heathens offer gifts to their gods, so it offers the deadly cup of its own self-abasement and sin.

(3) It has blasphemed God's Holy Name and dedicated the tongue made for divine praise to the service of Satan and the worship of hell.

(4) The day consecrated to the Most High it has desecrated by every kind of orgy, and instead of a festival of praise and adoration has turned it into a saturnalia of gluttony and debauchery.

(5) It has brought down the gray hairs of parents in shame to the grave and danced a devil's hornpipe on the tombstones that should have been hallowed with filial love.

(6) It has steeped its murderous hands in the crimson blood of countless victims and shrieked in demoniacal delight at the drippings, though every drop was crying to heaven for vengeance.

(7) It has laughed at the sacredness and the sanctity of the Christian home, defiled it with leprous lust, trampled purity beneath its feet and clasped in its shaking arms the sickening incarnation of lewd and lecherous shame,

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(8) It has sneered and snaffled in drivelling contempt at the rights of others and inflamed by its own guilt has stolen their substance to gratify its animal craving.

(9) It has detracted, vilified, lied, calumniated its neighbors in maudlin madness; it has perjured itself in a thousand ways and by every subterfuge and artifice has tried to cloak its shivering scandal and shut out the light of truth.

(10) It has set its covetous blood-stained eyes on the goods of others, its cowardly heart ever craving for something more to gratify its insatiable desires, and it has left the trail of impurity, adultery and incest it is slimy wake. No sanctuary so sacred, no home so hallowed that it has not entered to desecrate and defile.

God is forgotten, heaven rejected, virtue despised, the good abandoned,—all for sake of the grinning, ghastly, horrible, hideous demon of Rum who is ever beckoning the way to temporal and eternal ruin.

The curse of drink has inundated thousands of homes in an ocean of tears, it has made more widows and orphans than all the wars of history and sent more to premature graves than the cholera or Black Death. On the brow of youth it has stamped the blighting, blasting insignia of senile decay, and, step by step, has led the way from the sunny heights of health down

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to the dark cypress shadows of the tomb. It hurls manhood from its citadel and in its place sets up a weakened, weak, distorted, distracted, shapeless, soulless thing, a parody on humanity, a caricature on the handiwork of the Almighty, a blot to earth and a slur to heaven.

Where Bacchus reigns, Dishonor is vice-regent, the kingdom is divided against itself and inevitably must fall.

Bacchus has never been known to have a long reign. He ruled for a while among the ancient Romans, but the glory of his court soon became tarnished, the light became dim, and he was dethroned by an Era of Reason which, in just indignation, hurled to the dust the barbaric debauchery and heathen licentiousness that had mantled, in a cloak of shame, the proudest empire of history.

Bacchus also sent the haughty Greeks down to ruin beneath the splendors of their own greatness. He next turned his face towards the Western countries, and those who acknowledged his sway soon went the way of the rest. The dust of centuries lies thick on the tombs of the buried Past, but underneath can be deciphered many an inscription to tell of the wreck and ruin that characterized every reign of the jolly King Bacchus. A jolly king indeed he was and

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is, but the laughter he calls forth ever ends in tears; the mirth he provokes has its climax in sighs; the joy he sends round is followed by sorrow and the rejoicing he commands is soon overtaken by mourning. Many enthrone him in their homes, but the sceptre is soon wrenched from his grasp by Poverty and a battle-royal takes place between them for supremacy.

The youth would do well not to acknowledge him their sovereign; if he dare to usurp the throne, let them rise in might and scorn and drive him from their domain. Youth too is a god in itself, a grand, bright, beautiful, graceful god, then why should this god of its own not rule, rule from the throne of a bright intellect, with strong arms and sturdy limbs, buoyant step and flashing eye that is able to look the whole world in the face without the tremor of fear. Put the god of your own peerless young manhood on the throne and let it rule you wisely and well.

CHAPTER XXI.

PROMPTNESS AND SUCCESS.

The greatest and best mark of modern progress is a thorough realization of the immeasurable and priceless value of time; civilization has made its chiefest gain in correctly measuring and utilizing to the best advantage the one gift which man must use either wisely, to his own good, or foolishly, to his own evil. For centuries the world wasted time as if it were of no value, let it slip through its fingers as sand, never thinking that each grain was a golden gem to bedeck the everlasting crown of eternity. Those gems can never be recovered, they are buried deep in the oblivion of the past and it is for no man to exhume them; he can only draw experience from their loss and so learn to make use of the treasure that is his in the present in order to conserve the future.

Time will wait for no man, yet many seem to be under the impression, that instead of having wings to its shoulders it has weights to its feet, which will hold it to wait on their convenience until they get good and ready to meet it. Such

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people generally wake up from their trance to find that their opportunities have passed like lightning flashes never to return, and then they can only lament their own stupidity.

Delay can never take advantage of anything, for it allows everything to pass by its door and then only takes up the pursuit when it is too late and unavailing. Delay in our day is an unpardonable sin and even in the days of the stage-coach unnecessary delay amounted to a crime. It has wrought untold and incalculable mischief from the earliest times.

Caesar's delay to read a message cost him his life when he reached the Senate House. Colonel Rahl, the Hessian commander, was too busy at the card-table to attend to a messenger bearing a letter which stated that Washington was crossing the Delaware. He delayed to read that letter until the game was finished, and then he had only time to rally his men in a forlorn hope and rush to the scene of activities, but alas! the enemy had the vantage point, and the gallant Colonel fell at the head of his company, while the men who had followed his lead were taken prisoners, whereas, had he been prompt at duty's call, the tables might have been turned, at least, that day, and instead of being the vanquished he might have been the victor. How

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often on a few minutes depend liberty, honor and life itself!

Napoleon laid great stress on the “supreme moment,” and became an adept in taking advantage of that “nick of time” which comes in every battle, the crucial moment on which often depends the destiny of nations. He said he beat the Austrians because they did not know the value of five minutes. It has been said that among the concatenation of circumstances that conspired to defeat the hitherto invincible Corsican at Waterloo was the loss of a few minutes by himself with Grouchy’s delay to join him, though but a few miles distant. All day long the fierce struggle waged with terrible intensity, but no decisiveness on either side. The shades of evening were falling and the allied forces under Wellington were almost worn out by wounds and loss of numbers. ’Tis said that the little Irishman was almost in despair and murmured,—“Oh, for night or Blucher!” At that moment Blucher with his Prussian contingent came dashing up and the re-inforcement of the allies decided the issue. Grouchy on whom Napoleon was depending failed to come. His delay was fatal to the “Little Corporal,”—it sent him to exile and to death on St. Helena.

Remember that the present is the time to act,

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don't wait on the future; the present is yours, but the future is not; it may never knock at your door. What may be done at *any* time will be done at *no* time. If a thing is worth doing, don't stand shivering on the brink, but jump in and do it. It won't do to be perpetually calculating risks and adjusting nice chances. The man who waits, doubts and hesitates and consults his neighbors and relations as to whether he should do this or whether he should do that, will find himself gray-haired before he attempts to do anything and then he will discover that he has no time to follow anybody's advice or the strength to take any action.

The time wasted in delaying and postponing and procrastinating and putting-off, if rightly utilized, would be sufficient to accomplish the most important of tasks, which, when thus shunned for the present because of some little unpleasantness or difficulty, are liable never to be performed. The evening wasted in setting aside, for tomorrow, the duties which could be performed today, would often be more than enough to accomplish all that has to be done. Besides, delays really make work drudgery. You have to make up for lost time and therefore the tasks are doubly difficult, and moreover, liable to be slouched over in a poor, unworkman-

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like manner which never gives satisfaction to either the performer or those for whom the work is done. Work is easy to those who do it when it should be done, but to those who defer it, the task becomes monotonous, dull and difficult and develops into downright drudgery. The latter can never overtake their work, and instead of getting less, it daily accumulates and a clean, clear, complete job becomes almost an impossibility to accomplish.

If you lose an hour in the morning you will be all day hunting for it and at night find that you have not recovered it. That hour is irretrievably lost and there is no use advertising for it, since your neighbor could not find it for you; it is irrevocably lost in the ocean of eternity and what a beautiful gem it was!—a golden jewel set round with sixty diamond minutes and each one of these encrusted with sixty sapphire seconds,—gone never to be found. How much poorer you are for losing that one golden jewelled hour! The whole future of your life, —misery or happiness, woe or joy, disease or health, even salvation itself may depend on one hour, nay one minute rightfully used. What would not the dying sinner give for time to correct the errors of his life and do what was right and just! And remember the recording

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angel sets down on your debit side every second wrongfully misused, for time is the choicest blessing of heaven, and—

If idly lost no art or care
That blessing can restore,
And Heaven exacts a strict account
For every mis-spent hour.

* * * *

Short is our longest day of life,
And soon its prospects end,
Yet on that day's uncertain date
Eternal years depend.

Time is the warp of life; tis for all, especially the young, to weave it well, into a bright and beautiful garment that shall cover them as with a shining robe during the days of earthly travail and in which they can pass across the bridge that leads from the darkness of the temporal to the light of the eternal. Don't let the strands of the warp drop; be prompt with the shuttle. Promptness takes away the monotony and the drudgery, smoothes out the creases and makes every surface soft and velvety. Delays toughen and harden and throw the whole thing into confusion. If a planet delayed a moment in its course it would throw the whole universe into chaos. Work can become one grand, sweet harmony, a symphony of pleasure, not of pain, if approached in the right way and the golden

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rule observed, of a time and place for everything and everything in its proper time and place.

Sir Walter Raleigh was asked,—“How do you accomplish so much in so short a time?” “When I have anything to do,” he replied, “I go and do it.” The man who acts promptly may make mistakes, but he will succeed where a procrastinator with better judgment will fail.

“Tomorrow” is a word which is found only in the fool’s calendar and stands for nothing that is real and tangible; just the baseless stuff of which dreams are made, a fantastic vision of anticipations in the shadow-land of the future. Put no trust in tomorrow, it may be a bankrupt investment. Today is the best bank. Strike the iron while it is hot, for it soon cools. Make hay while the sun shines, for the clouds will soon shut out his light.

And while you work have a system of work. Make a golden rule for yourself. Commence the day well. The morning hour is the test of the day’s success. Daniel Webster used often to answer thirty letters before breakfast. Columbus planned his voyage in the early morning. Napoleon made use of the early part of the day in all his successful campaigns. Bryant rose at five o’clock every morning and began work. Bancroft was up at the dawn and busy.

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Washington, Jefferson, Clay,—all were early risers. Take example by them. The time to turn out is when you turn over. Walter Scott used to say, that by breakfast time, he had broken the neck of the day's work. Goethe, Schiller and Heine,—all found inspiration in the early morning air.

Keep your appointments. Remember time is money. Don't waste your own or that of others. When you have your business done, go about your business, and do not waste the time of a business man, for his time means money to him, and your time should mean something to you. Punctuality is the soul of business. There are moments on which hang the destiny of years. Promptness is the mother of confidence. Wear old clothes, if you must, but own a reliable watch. The employe who is always on time and there, when he is wanted, is sure to be appreciated and advanced before those who are careless of their own time and regardless of that of their masters. Much may depend on your promptness and punctuality. Many a wasted life dates its ruin from the loss of a few minutes at some vital stage. "Too late!" alas! tells the secret of many failures. A few minutes make all the difference.

Be up, be doing, be prompt, be punctual, *be on time.*

CHAPTER XXII.

THE PROGRESSIVE MAN.

A number of men going to a funeral, observed that their horses were flying through an open field. In answer to the inquiry,—“Are your horses running away?” the driver said,—“No, not these horses, but the horses in the hearse are running away and we always follow the hearse.”

There are people like that—they follow the crowd. Their creed is: “As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end, Amen.” They never take any initiative or strike out new paths for themselves.

Advance with the advancement of the times. Advance in the front ranks. Be open to new ideas. Be enterprising. Let the next thing be something else. If you are original and enterprising you will be opposed, but opposition will prevent dullness. Criticism is the whetstone on which a highly-tempered nature is polished and refined.

Every new idea in every age has been laughed at and met with the startling cry—Danger!

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'A thousand years ago in England the inventor of the umbrella was stigmatised an infidel for interfering with the design of Providence in regard to rainy weather. When showers fell the good people of that time believed it was evident that God intended they should get wet, therefore, the man who meddled with what they thought was God's design was anathematized. In the same way a self-constituted censorship of godliness and conservatism proclaimed as an outlaw, an abrogator of divine prerogatives, the man who gave to the world the great blessing of anaesthetics. It was claimed that if a limb necessitated amputation, Providence designed that the patient should suffer pain, and therefore, to nullify such pain was to oppose Eternal Wisdom. Small-pox was robbed of its terrors by the discovery of Jenner, yet the English of that period looked upon vaccination as the work of the devil, because God had made the disease contagious, and it was not for man to interfere with God's ways.

One hundred years ago last August 17, Robert Fulton launched the first steamboat, the "Clermont" on the Hudson. Thousands of people lined the shores to witness what they considered his folly, but although he succeeded in making only five miles an hour, he had tri-

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umphed—he had made steam propel a boat. Fulton opened the way for steam navigation, which advanced more and more, until today the paddles of a thousand steamboats churn the waters of the Hudson and the million dollar palace called the “Hendrick Hudson” majestically sweeps up the noble river carrying five thousand passengers. Fulton is now honored, the world over, and statues are erected to him everywhere.

It is also a hundred years since Oliver Evans, the inventor, predicated that the time would soon come when the high pressure locomotive would enable people who had breakfasted in Washington to take supper in New York, over two hundred miles distant. Nearly everybody regarded such prediction as evidence of an intellectual break-down, and felt sorry for the weakening of such a brilliant mind as was his, but Evans’ brain was sound as ever. He knew what he was talking about. He foresaw the mighty possibilities of steam, and his words have been more than realized, his prophecy more than fulfilled.

George Stephenson, father of the railway system, was badgered before a Committee of the House of Commons in 1825. The wise-acres of course saw perspective dangers in his schemes.

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The great engineer was subjected to a rigid cross-examination, and madness was even hinted. He was asked: "Suppose an engine going along a railway at the rate of nine or ten miles an hour, and suppose a cow should get on the line in the way of the engine, would not that, think you, be a very awkward circumstance?" "Yes," replied the engineer, "very awkward—for the cow."

The *Quarterly Review* of Stephenson's day, a periodical supposed to reflect the views of scholars and thinking men, observed,—“What can be more palpably absurd than the prospect held out of a locomotive traveling twice as fast as stage coaches!” And Ashley Cooper, an eminent surgeon of the time, declared, “it was preposterous in the extreme,” that is, to hold out the prospect that a locomotive could travel twice as fast as a stage coach. Today a locomotive travels more than ten times as fast.

For thousands of years America lay with her brown face to the sun, with untold wealth clasped in her arms, till Christopher Columbus found her hiding place and introduced her to the rest of the world. Christopher Columbus was laughed at, but the laughing did not keep him back. When he put forward his theory that the earth was round and that he proposed to

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reach the East by sailing far enough to the West, he was regarded as a visionary and dreamer unworthy of consideration, and it was only through the influence and help of a few other "dreamers" who believed in him, that he was finally enabled to put theory into practice and discover a new world.

Copernicus was considered crazy when he said that the earth, as well as the other planets, moved around the sun, and his book on the revolution of the heavenly bodies was prohibited.

Galileo was compelled to abjure his teachings in the belief of the Copernican system of astronomy, while muttering under his breath,—
"The earth moves all the same."

When Franklin drew electricity from the clouds with kites, people sneeringly asked,—
"What use is it?" to which Franklin replied,—
"What's the use of a boy?—he may become a man."

Everybody thought that Graham Bell in 1876 had taken leave of his senses when he proposed to make the human voice be heard over a wire. Now the telephone is indispensable to the business and commerce of the world.

All these human giants have been self-assertive, self-reliant men, men who dared to be singular, who did not mind the laughs and taunts

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and jeers and jibes of the crowds, but held on to one idea, nurtured it, cared for it, cultivated it until, from it, they reaped success.

Whenever any one has stepped out of the beaten path to make the world better and brighter and happier by some great invention, some useful discovery or by the proclamation of some mighty truth, the epithets—fanatic, visionary, iconoclast,—have been hurled at his head, and too often he has been hounded down to the martyr's grave. Ah! wherever those words have been raised against a man, there, we may be sure, a step has been taken in the emancipation of mankind from ignorance, from servitude, from his own debasement; they have been hissed into the ears of Jenner and of Simpson; they have been howled at Stephenson and Watt; they have been yelled in the presence of Fulton and Morse and they have been flung at Edison and Marconi.

It is truly remarkable that, with a few notable exceptions, the learned men of every age have been the most bitter antagonists of progress, the worst obstructionists to advancement, the fiercest foes of new ideas.

Indeed most of the great things that have been accomplished in the world for the elevation and the betterment of the race, have been accom-

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plished by men handicapped by the shackles of poverty, the gyves of oppression and the chains of suffering; contemned, scorned, mocked, ridiculed, persecuted, yet rising above all to the very summits of success and fame, which proves that you cannot keep a good man down, no matter in what circumstances he may be placed.

From the ranks of the poor and lowly and the despised have come intellectual giants who by head and hand have enriched the world and at the same time have reflected everlasting lustre on themselves.

CHAPTER XXIII.

HONESTY AND SUCCESS.

Honesty is not only the first step towards greatness, it is greatness itself. When any one complains, as did Diogenes, that he has to search the streets at noon with a candle to find an honest man, we are apt to think that his nearest neighbor would have quite as much difficulty as himself in the quest. He who imagines there is no honest man in the world, save himself, is a suspicious character and will bear watching. There are many dubious people in the world who think that everybody is trying to get the better of them, and who will resort to any means, no matter how despicable and dishonest, to gratify their own advancement and accomplish their own ends. Such persons should be left out of account when judging human nature, as they do not at all represent it in the aggregate. They are pessimists who look on the dark side of every picture, never thinking that it has any other side; they are downright misanthropists,—haters of their kind and, therefore, should be eliminated in making a test of mankind under nor-

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mal conditions. When one loses faith in his own, he is in a pitiful condition,—it is the only rock to which he can cling amid the raging waters of doubt that surrounds it, and when it fails he is swept into their embrace and is lost to all the good and cheer and brightness and hope which make life worth living.

There is plenty of honesty in the world, and cases of dishonesty but serve to accentuate it and show it forth in a pleasing beauty to captivate men, to make them appreciate and cling to it when they contrast it with the deformity of its antithesis.

The truth of Cervante's maxim, "Honesty is the best policy," is upheld by daily experience, but the motive for honesty should never spring from policy as its source,—honesty is not a policy, but a virtue,—it should always arise from an innate consciousness of moral rectitude that prompts us to embrace the right and shun the wrong. If a man is a thief at heart, but is denied the opportunity to steal, he cannot be complimented much on his honesty. No man is honest but for right's sake and because he feels better for being so. But some make principle depend on policy and are only honest when the latter course is profitable; their consciences are very elastic and stretch

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to a marvelous length to suit the desires, but when it comes to a question of being honest for honesty's sake, they contract to almost the vanishing point; indeed in many cases conscience is cast out altogether and nothing remains but sordidness and greed and lust to get ahead by any means, no matter what, so long as it brings them power and affluence.

Principle and policy cannot act together, when the one is present the other is absent. We must adopt the one and discard the other if we would lead really honest lives. Policy is only a mask for hypocrites who wish the world to believe them saints when they are the worst kind of sinners, pharisees who make ostentation of their honesty in the temples of business, but who are only honest because it pays not to be dishonest. Men of principle are actuated by a good conscience which seeks after the right for right's sake; they are men who endeavor to the best of their ability to lead lives of honor that shall be useful to themselves and beneficial to their kind. We have, happily, thousands of such men everywhere, but we need more, we need them everywhere, men who believe in the "square deal" and are willing to put up one hundred cents to the dollar every time. We want honest laborers who

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will give a fair day's work for a fair day's pay; we want honest artisans and mechanics and craftsmen who will bring skill to bear on their tasks and not be regardless of whether their work is slipshod and consequently a danger to life; we want honest merchants who will give thirty-six inches to the yard and thirty-two quarts to the bushel; we want honest grocers who will not mix the sugar with sand and the coffee with chicory; we want honest physicians who will not pretend to cure ills of which they are ignorant; we want honest lawyers who will not make it safe for scoundrelly clients to defraud the public and who will not, for the sake of a fee, go into court with cases they know they will lose; we want honest preachers who will not hear a louder call with a big salary; we want honest farmers whose potatoes and apples are sound all the way through; we want honest masters who will treat their servants like human beings with bodies to be cared for and souls to be saved and who will give them a decent wage for their service; we want honest servants who will not wantonly waste their masters' substance because it is not their own, but who will be as careful of it as if it were—servants who will be economical and saving and do their best to conserve their employers' inter-

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ests, since they are paid for doing so. In a word, we want men, everywhere, who will fulfill the divine command,—“Do unto other as you would that others should do unto you.” This is the very rock on which the structure of honesty is built. If every man would treat his fellow man as he would like to be treated himself, there would not be much cause for complaint, and this millenium state might easily be brought around if men could but be impressed with the fact that all are brothers working for a common cause and that what is injurious to the individual will militate against all, just as what is salutary to one will also be healthful to the whole. The world wants men who will do what is right; men, who won't do as everybody does, but as everybody ought to do; men who won't run with the crowd, but who will step out and dare to be singular regardless of the ridicule or mockery or even the persecution of the mob; men who have the courage of their convictions and the manhood to defend what they conscientiously believe to be right and denounce that which they know to be wrong.

There is a popular belief that success can be gained by so-called smartness, but such smartness generally consists in taking advantage of other people's misfortune, inveigling the inno-



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"AMERICA HAS TOO MANY SUCCESSFUL (?) MEN OF THIS STRIPE."

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cent and the unsuspecting into their net, and, in every way they can, endeavoring to get the best of everyone with whom they have dealings, gripping and gouging and grinding and making the aim and object of life the attainment of personal gain. Such people often do get along well from a worldly standpoint, but are such lives really successful? Are these people happy, are they contented, with the maledictions of thousands of victims on their heads and spending most of their time trying to dodge the fiend of revenge, with the dagger of the assassin in the one hand and the dynamite bomb of the anarchist in the other? Should a man be called successful who laid the foundation for his structure of success on the weary, aching bones of the poor and oppressed; cemented it with the blood of the suffering masses, with the sweat of the widow and the tear of the orphan and on whose every stone is carved a curse? Surely such is not a mansion of success but rather a monument to tyranny and persecution and wrong and the degradation of God's poor. The nation has too many successful (?) men of this calibre,—instead of increasing, she should rather decrease their number.

But, some may say,—Oh, 'tis all very well to talk about the beauty and nobleness and vir-

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tue of honesty, but honesty very often fails to make the pot boil brown; the honest men are at the foot of the ladder with every prospect of remaining there, while those who are less scrupulous are stepping very lively to the top. In many instances this is the case, but it should be remembered that God does not reward honesty with this world's coin, but instead, He recompenses it with a clear conscience and a contented mind. If one man purchases success with deception, tyrannical treatment of workmen and workwomen, cutting down wages to the starvation point, selling inferior articles by all sorts of underhand tricks, what right have you to complain if you will not pay the same price, purchase it at the expense of your clear conscience and good name? If you sow a dishonest man's seed, you will reap a dishonest man's harvest, and the converse holds good.

Strict honesty is the crown of one's early days. Of course merely negative virtues are valueless. You are not going to be advanced because you never robbed your employer, but on account of your energy, vigilance, ability and intelligence.

Honest money-getting is a timely topic in our modern world, where fortunes are often made not by right, but by might.

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Be scrupulous in little things. It may be a small matter for a clerk to use his employer's postage stamps for his personal correspondence, the amount involved is trivial, but the principle is all-important.

Choose honesty as a soul companion. Embody it in your actions and life, let nothing bribe you to leave it; make it your first love; be wedded to it from choice; it will make you beautiful men, noble men, and, in the best sense, truly successful men.

Crown the peerless queen of principle with the golden diadem of honesty.

CHAPTER XXIV.

ACCURACY AND SUCCESS.

Accuracy is the twin brother of honesty and they make such a good working team, pull so well together, that they are able to accomplish much work and do it well. The eye that winces at the false and is always on the look-out for the true will eventually bring success within its vision.

What is worth doing is worth doing well. Don't do things by half; the half is never equal to the whole. As the old song has it:—

“If I were a cobbler, it would be my pride,
The best of all cobblers to be—
If I were a tinker, no tinker beside
Should mend an old kettle like me.”

If you can turn out the best work, even if, as Emerson says, it is only in the construction of a mouse-trap, the world will make a beaten path to your door, for they will prefer your mouse-trap, because it is better than the one manufactured by your neighbor. The tailor who can cut a pair of pants and sew them together bet-

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ter than his fellow-craftsmen of the shears and needle will never lack custom.

The Persian proverb has it that “doing well depends upon doing completely” and this is quite true. Except a job is done completely it can never be said to be done well.

The world’s famous manufacturers have built their success on the reputation of their goods. The advertising helps merely to call attention to them, it is the quality that sells them. The successful man weaves his own character into the stuff he puts on the market and the public soon come to recognize his trade-mark as the standard of merit and will have no other brand but his in the same line. Why do people constantly order certain makes and insist upon getting them? Because they have by experience come to regard such makes as “the old reliable,” and they are willing to pay a little more, not for the name, as many say, but for the value they know they will receive,—the name is simply the synonym for honesty of quality. There is no secret in the success of great manufacturers; their success is simply the sequent of “square” dealing. They try always to do their best, their motto is, not how cheap they can make their goods, but how well. Every day they try to improve on their former productions, therefore,

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they keep up the reputation of their wares and gain the confidence of the people.

It always pays to put character in your work, no matter what that work may be. Never be satisfied with doing good work, always bend every energy to turn out the best work, to be ahead of your competitors every time. No matter how humble the task assigned you, do it to the best of your ability, and never fear but recognition will come your way. Many poor boys have become the world's greatest men. Why? Because they did their best. Let your motto ever be "Excelsior," higher and higher, better and better.

There are many ways of lying, and one is by doing slipshod work. There is no inaccuracy in nature,—a rose in the grounds of the White House is not more beautiful than one which can be made to bloom in the backyard of a tenement,—nature is the uniform manifestation of the will of God.

Andrew Johnson in a speech told the story of how he began his political career,—from an alderman up, when a man in the crowd shouted,—“from a tailor up.” The President answered,—“that does not disconcert me in the least; when I was a tailor, I had the reputation of being a good one and working close fits; I was always

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punctual with my customers and did good work.”

Do your work with your best care and faithfulness of purpose. It was said of Rufus Choate, that he would plead before a country squire in a petty case with all the fervor and careful attention to detail with which he addressed the United States Supreme Court.

The only real failure in life possible is not to be true to the best that you know. “Easy writing,” said Sherman, “is commonly hard reading.”

One merchant telegraphed to another,—“Am offered ten thousand bushels of wheat at \$1; shall I buy or is it too high?” “No price too high,” came back over the wire, instead of “No, price too high.” The omission of a punctuation mark cost \$2,000. Carelessness will ruin any business, for more will go to waste than will be counter-balanced by the profits, and finally the crash will come; but strict attention to every detail will keep the bolts of all parts of the machinery in their right place and so make the wheels revolve without danger of a break-down.

The accurate man wins out every time. Employers don’t want to be constantly watching their men; they want men on whom they can depend, both when they themselves are present

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and when they are absent. They don't want to stand at the elbows of their book-keepers all day to inspect the figures and be sure of their accuracy,—they might as well keep the books themselves.

The accurate accountant is always sure of employment, while the one who makes mistakes is constantly looking for a job. A wrong figure may cause incalculable labor in a store, a factory or a bank and lose much valuable time to discover the error.

The employe should remember that he is paid for doing his work well, and that he is robbing his employer if he does not,—stealing both his time and his money.

A good inscription on the tombstone of Failure are the words,—“Carelessness, Indifference and Slipshod Work.” Permit no irregularity in your work; allow no one to do it better.

Wendell Phillips became America's greatest orator, because to natural ability he added ambition for perfection, every word had to be shaped to express his exact thought, every phrase had to be of one length and cadence and every sentence had to be perfectly balanced before it left his lips. As a result exact precision characterized his style. Roger Williams was as good a shoemaker as he was afterwards a great

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statesman. Franklin's thoroughness left its impression upon the whole printing trade and is felt to this day.

Many an author has devoted much time and attention and care to his MS. only to have it rejected on account of bad penmanship. Macaulay, who wrote his best essays three times, said: "The world generally gives its admiration, not to the man who does what nobody else ever attempts to do, but to the man who does best what the multitudes do well."

CHAPTER XXV.

FAITHFULNESS AND SUCCESS.

'Aim at perfection in everything you do, for though in many cases such may be unattainable, nevertheless, the effort will bring you nearer the goal of desire. 'Tis despondency that begets laziness and both combined make men give up their ambitions and lie down, when by grit and determination, the will to accomplish, the aim to do, they might have carved their way to the top-most height of success.

Everyday experience proves the Bible saying, that the man who is faithful in a few things becomes lord of many. We often hear men say when they complete a job, or rather leave it incomplete,—“Oh, that will do, its good enough, nobody will know the difference.” This is fallacious reasoning. As long as the workmen know the difference, and that ought to be enough, there is always somebody who knows and soon everybody will know, and that job will reflect discredit on those who performed it and who foolishly imagined the public would be deceived. It is not so easy to deceive the public

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as many seem to think; some one is sure to find out the deception. To slop over a job is equivalent to stealing the money of those who employ you to do it. Can any man have self-respect who knows he is taking the money to which he is not entitled, the money he has not honestly earned? Such a man is a traitor to his own conscience, a renegade to his best instincts, and when a man cannot respect himself, he knows that the respect of his fellow-men is lost to him. He who will not do honest work for his money, will soon learn to be dishonest in everything else, he is on a downward grade that will lead him to the gates of crime and shame.

When a man puts into his work the best that is in him, he has the satisfaction of an easy conscience, the money he has earned does not burn his pockets, and no accusing voice is whispering in his ear, that he has wronged his brother. Like Longfellow's "Village Blacksmith" he can look the whole world in the face and fear not any man. How unlike the man who shrinks his responsibility, whose only aim in his work is to get the money, regardless of how the job is done, whose only thought is how he can get the best of others! Such a man knows he is a thief in his heart, for dishonesty in work is as much stealing as extracting money out of

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a cash-drawer, and so he cannot help despising himself, yet he is cunning, crafty, ever on the alert, watching others with a cat-like suspicion, for he cannot help thinking that the eyes of all are upon him, and that every glance is a denunciation of his meanness.

A mechanic who did some work in my home under contract with the builder did a very poor job, a dishonest piece of work, and when I called his attention to the fact, he reminded me that the contractor who built the house got the kind of work for which he paid, yet I know that the slipshod job has cost the man thousands of dollars in being deprived of other commissions in the neighborhood. His object was not a finished job, but merely to get through with the business as soon as possible and get the money that was in it. By doing as little as he could to get through, he not only "did" the contractor and the man who bought the house, but worse, he "did" himself, for he lost respect, confidence and trade. He received pay for a good job, he knowingly did a bad one, and so he is as much a thief as if he had taken money out of my pocketbook. But this truth does not appear to strike home in most cases.

Faithlessness, carelessness and disregard for the rights of others grow out of the failure to

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recognize not only the law of brotherhood, but failure to understand clearly that the man who does not do his duty really hurts himself and shadows his own soul in a way for which no money can compensate.

Doing things better, no matter how trivial the things may be, commands success. Rothschild's maxim,—“Do without fail that which you determine to do,” brought him to the top-most rung of the ladder of success, and it will also give you the careful foot-planting, steady-eyeing and deep-breathing necessary to scale “The Hill of Difficulty,” which every successful man must climb.

Be thorough. When you put your hand to the plough, be sure to make a straight furrow. An old sculptor said of his carvings, when comment was made on his perfectly finished work, perfect in the minutest detail,—“The gods will see.” If your work is not as it should be, you may be sure somebody will find the defects and expose you. You can never pass shoddy for silk.

Employers very often make the complaint, that they have much difficulty in finding faithful, honest help; they say that the majority need to be watched and that they are more interested in a prospect of an increase of salary than in their

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duties. This shows the trend of the times and is responsible for the great army of the unemployed who are continually walking our streets. There is no lack of work, but there is a lack of honest men to do the work faithfully and well.

In our great establishments there are today fewer men reaching high places than formerly, and this is not either for want of ability or for opportunity, it arises simply from the fact that fewer will conscientiously preserve and keep their masters', as well as their own, interests at heart. The man who does not care whether the business is winning or losing as long as he gets his pay envelope on Saturday is not very worthy of promotion.

Young men today have not the stability of character, nor the downright, clean and thorough honesty of purpose which distinguished their fathers and enabled them to lay strong foundations for the commercial and business life of the nation, and a great laxity is also perceptible in the trades and crafts. Rush and bustle and haste and hurry have much to do with the inefficiency of modern workers. It is sometimes better to go slow. Foreign mechanics often have the call over Americans, inasmuch as they are more skilled, because they have to serve

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longer apprenticeships to their trades. Here, our young men have not only an apathy towards skilled labor, but, when they do learn different branches of handicraft, there is such little time given to the acquisition, that it cannot be expected they will be proficient or thorough in their line. In England most of the crafts call for a five years' apprenticeship, many of them seven and even more, and in Germany the time demanded is still longer, so that even in England, German mechanics and clerks are preferred to native. English bookkeepers are generally masters of shorthand and German accountants are familiar with different systems in different languages, but here the young men step into positions unprepared and they growl when a foreigner, because of his ability is advanced over them.

Again, our young men are very fond of watching the clock; the hands don't move fast enough for them, and as soon as the figure 12 is indicated they rush off to luncheon, only to return and wait impatiently for 5 or 6, when on the stroke, they have their hats in their hands ready to dash away to useless amusements and often sinful pleasures. With the foreigner, it is generally different,—the clock dial does not interest him and he is in no hurry to leave. The

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masters note this and act accordingly. Is it any wonder, then, that foreigners forge ahead in this country and ere we realize it are at the top conducting great enterprises of their own?

There is no country in the world where there is so much poor work done as in America; things are actually thrown together, made up to sell, to take the eye, utterly regardless of quality and endurance, so that often European goods are cheaper at double the price. Much better for us to go slower and be more thorough. Indeed there is nothing we need to learn more than thoroughness.



BACKBONE.

I'LL FIGHT IT OUT ON THIS LINE IF IT TAKES ALL SUMMER.—*Grant.*

CHAPTER XXVI.

BACKBONE.

Charles Sumner said,—“There are three things necessary: 1. Backbone. 2. Backbone. 3. Backbone.”

When Lincoln was asked how Grant impressed him as a general, he replied,—“The greatest thing about him is his cool persistence of purpose; he has the grip of a bulldog; when once he gets his teeth in nothing can shake him.”

This was the whole compendium of Grant's character, his epitome as a soldier. Nothing could shake him off. With him it was,—“On to Richmond,” and “I shall fight it out on this line if it takes all summer,” that broke the backbone of the Rebellion and eventually made Lee surrender. This wonderful man, at thirty-eight an obscure citizen of Galena, drawing but \$800 a year in his father's tannery, at forty-two was one of the greatest generals of history. After his defeat at Shiloh nearly every newspaper of both parties in the North, almost every

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member of Congress, and public sentiment all over the country clamored for his removal. Friends of Lincoln plead with him, as President, to give the command to someone else, not alone for the good of the country, but for the sake of his own reputation. The President listened for hours one night until the clock struck one. Then, after a long silence, he said,—“I can’t spare this man,—he fights.” It was Lincoln’s insight and determination that saved Grant from the storm of popular passion and so gave us the greatest hero of the Civil War.

When Phil Sheridan found his army retiring before the victorious Early, the general in command said,—“Oh, sir, we are beaten.” “No, sir,” said Sheridan, “you are beaten, but not this army.” Then seizing his army, as Jupiter his thunderbolt, he hurled it upon the enemy, and snatched victory from the jaws of defeat.

Do you know how General Thomas Jonathan Jackson received the sobriquet “Stonewall” which never left him? The troops of South Carolina, commanded by General Bell, had been overwhelmed at the battle of Manassas, and he rode up to Jackson in despair, exclaiming: “They are beating us back.” “Then,” said Jackson, “we will give them the bayonet.” Bell rode off to rejoin his command, and cried out to

Backbone

them to look at Jackson, saying,—“There he stands like a *stonewall*; rally behind the Virginians!”

“It is in me and shall come out,” said Richard Brinsley Sheridan, when told that he would never make an orator, as he had failed in his first speech in Parliament; he became one of the foremost orators of his day.

Behold William Lloyd Garrison, a broadcloth mob is leading him through the streets of Boston by a rope; he is hurried to jail. He returns unflinchingly to his work, beginning at the point at which he was interrupted. Note this heading in the *Liberator*: “I am in earnest. I will not equivocate, I will not excuse, I will not retract a single inch, and I will be heard.” That one man of grit became God’s redhot thunderbolt that shivered that colossal iniquity—slavery. Even the gallows erected in front of his doors did not daunt him. His grit made an unwilling world hear the word, “Freedom,” which was destined never to cease its vibrations until it had breathed its sweet secret to the last slave.

Clear grit always commands respect; it is the quality which achieves something, and everybody admires achievement.

Backbone, even without brains, will carry against brains without backbone. Seeming im-

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possibilities surrender to invincible purpose and imperial energy. Kitto, the master of Oriental learning, lost his hearing at twelve and his father's circumstances became so wretched that young Kitto was sent to the poorhouse where he learned shoemaking. He piteously begged his father to take him out of the poorhouse, saying that he would live upon blackberries and field-turnips and be willing to sleep on a hay-rick. What obstacles could dampen the enthusiasm of such ardor! What impossibilities could withstand such a resolute will!

Patrick Henry had clear grit, when in the Virginia House of Burgesses amid cries of "Treason," he stood up and said,—“Is life so dear or peace so sweet as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? I know not what course others may take, but as for me, give me liberty or give me death!”

Grit is that very element of character which in itself has the power to control and command; it pilots the ship through sunshine and storm, through sleet and rain, even when there is a leak and the crew in mutiny, and never gives up the helm until it steers into the harbor of success. It will bring a man through when every other quality will fail him.

Henry M. Stanley, speaking of his success in

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Africa against tremendous odds, says,—“No matter how near death I might be, even if I were in the hands of the executioner and surrounded by guards, I should never yield without one last desperate struggle. I should be overpowered, but what of that? I had died fighting.”

When General Gordon saw a soldier at Appomatox running away from the battle at the top of his speed, he stopped him and demanded: “What are you running away for?” “Because I can’t fly,” and on he went. How many run away from battle and victory just that way!

Irresistible determination, looking for future triumph through present trial has always begotten confidence and commanded success. Caesar would not have crossed the Rubicon, nor Washington the Delaware, had they not fixed their stern gaze on objects far beyond the perils at their feet.

Most of the failures in life are due to want of grit or nerve. A yielding disposition, or, in other words, no backbone to map out a course and pursue it steadily, unswervingly to the end, leaves many a one behind in the life-race. You know how the boy said he learned to skate,—by getting up every time he fell down and trying again. Men who have been successful have

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often been defeated, but they turned each defeat into a stepping-stone to further progress.

“If you happen to fall just pick yourself up
As well and as quick as you can—
Start the race in the fresh till the goal you have won,
And show to the world you’re a man.”

Edmund Burke said,—“Never despair, but if you do, work on in despair.” Every successful man is the story of an iron will and invincible determination. Franklin dined on a small loaf in a printing office, with a book in his hand. Locke lived on bread and water in a Dutch garret. It was this same indomitable spirit that sustained Lincoln and Garfield on their hard journey from the log-cabin and the tow-path to the splendors of the White House.

Prescott was blind, but he put grit in place of eyesight into his work and became one of our greatest historians.

In our own time a remarkable instance of what grit can do, even when handicapped by seemingly insurmountable obstacles, is presented in the case of the deaf, dumb and blind girl, Helen Keller. Miss Keller has conquered all and despite her defects has demonstrated that she is able to take her place in almost any line with her more fortunate compeers. In her blindness she sees the beauty of the universe,

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in her deafness she hears the music of the spheres through the ears of a contented mind and with her deft fingers she voices the emotions of her being and the happy thoughts that are hers. So far from bemoaning her fate, she would not exchange places with queens.

Another great specimen of grit and determined manhood were manifested in the statesman Jew,—Benjamin Disraeli, afterwards Lord Beaconsfield. Scoffed at in the House of Commons on account of his race, he hurled forth,—“The time will come when you will hear me,” and so it did. On another occasion, when attacked, he thus acknowledged and defended the faith of his race,—“Yes, I am a Jew, and when the ancestors of the honorable gentleman were savages in an unknown island mine were priests in the Temple.” With such qualities as that, you cannot keep a man down; he will make stepping-stones of stumbling blocks and cross the river of opposition to the bank of success. Imagine England’s surprise when the hated Jew became Prime Minister and got a seat on the wool-sack!

Louisa M. Alcott fought poverty for twenty years, fighting it with splitting headaches, weary limbs and aching heart, but she made over \$200,000 with her pen and cleared all the

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family debts, even those outlawed. Her grit alone sustained her against ill-health.

The story of successful men and women who sprang from an humble origin and had no opportunity, save that which they made for themselves, should put to shame the grumblers who complain of hard fortune and tell you they have no chance.

Everybody has a chance, for everybody can make his or her own chance. Don't fly off the track, keep steadily on and you will reach the goal. With Robert Herrick say:—

Tumble me down, and I will sit
Upon my ruins, smiling yet;
Tear me to tatters, yet I'll be
Patient in my necessity;
Laugh at my scraps of clothes and shun
Me as a fear'd infection,
Yet, scarecrow-like, I'll walk as one
Neglecting thy derision.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE SUCCESSFUL MAN'S WIFE.

Man and woman are like two shells of the oyster—they were made for each other. A crusty old bachelor, hearing that his friend had gone blind, said: “Let him marry and if that does not open his eyes, nothing else will.” But that sneer has been confuted by the experience of many blind scholars, like Hood, famous authority on bees, and Fawcett, political economist at Cambridge and England’s most famous Postmaster-General, whose highly qualified wives were eyes indeed to their husbands.

Many men think they are self-made who are really marriage-made. Napoleon won his greatest victories while Josephine was his wife and while he loved her. When our country’s interests hung in the balance at Valley Forge, Martha Washington hastened to her George and urged him on to victory.

Whether a man shall be made or marred in marriage depends altogether on his choice of a wife.

Don’t marry for beauty alone. Socrates

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called beauty “a short-lived tyranny” and Theophrastus, “a silent cheat.” The man who marries for beauty alone is as silly as the man who would buy a house because it had fine flowers in the front yard. A beautiful woman pleases the eye, a good woman the heart. The one is a jewel, the other is a treasure.

Look well to the temper of the girl you think of marrying. Socrates said he “married Xantippe and endured her for self-discipline.” Solomon, whose matrimonial experiences were rather multitudinous, had a different view of the matter: “It is better to dwell in the corner of a house-top than with a brawling woman in a wide house.”

The word—wife—means weaver, and wives either weave men’s fortunes, or, like moths, simply feed upon them. Many a woman, by true sympathy, by thinking over what will do him good, has helped her husband on to highest success. Bismarck and Disraeli, who for thirty years were the controlling powers in European politics, said they owed their success to their wives.

Woman’s quick intuition will give you more practical knowledge in an hour than man’s slow logic in years. Before you select a business partner introduce him to your wife; get her opinion

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as to his capacity and integrity. Lord Bolingbroke said: "If I were making up a plan of consequence I should like first to consult with a sensible woman." A woman will often see what's right and often do it before her husband has finished his deliberations. Make your home a cabinet room where all the affairs of the household and of business come under comparison and advisal. Tell your wife how much money you have and no honorable woman will want to spend more than can be afforded.

While many a man owes his prosperity to his wife's wise administration of household affairs, it is also true that many a man's financial straits can be traced to the wife's love of vulgar display, social rivalry or thoughtless extravagance, or perhaps incompetent management. When the husband of Victoria Colonna was offered the crown of Naples as an inducement to join the league against his sovereign, Charles V., she prevailed upon him to spurn the offer. Suppose that, dazzled by the glitter of royalty, she had coaxed him to make her a queen, would he have refused the bribe? He might, but he would have been one man in a million.

That is what is going on in thousands of homes throughout our land. Women have their hearts set upon show, upon glitter, upon dress,

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upon social distinction, upon surpassing some rival, upon more of the luxuries and splendors of wealth and are leading their husbands, unconsciously perhaps, to abandon their integrity for the sake of show.

Marry a good housekeeper. The sentiment has become prevalent that a man must make his fortune before he marries, that his wife must have no sympathy or share with him in the pursuit of it, in which most of the pleasure truly consists. This is very unfortunate; it fills the country with bachelors who are waiting to make their fortunes, endangering virtue and promoting vice; it destroys the true economy and design of the domestic institution, encourages inefficiency among women, who are expecting to be taken up by fortune and passively sustained without any concern on their part.

Just as it is a man's duty to provide for his family, so it is a woman's duty to adorn it with all the excellences and graces of good taste, and either by her own industry or the well-directed industry of those who serve her, to fill it with healthful influences of cleanliness, good order and neatness, so that everything may minister to the comfort and enjoyment of those she loves.

The state of life into which it has pleased God to call our daughters is plainly, for the most

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part, that which entails the duties of the housekeeper and the home-maker, and for those duties the learning acquired in the schools often does much to unfit them.

The result of this unfaithfulness in the foundation education is seen in the extravagant habits of our modern housekeeping, the ignorant waste where the young lady finds herself unable to teach and direct her servants, in cases where she is not required to do the actual work herself, and wearying of her attempts to be queen of her own household, she allows her little kingdom to live without a head. Her husband finds that the expense of married life is far greater than he had anticipated and the comfort less. As the expenditures increase, he sees that his hard work on one side is only to supply the means of wastefulness on the other side, and that his children are growing up with notions of life which nothing but continually increasing riches can satisfy.

Even if a young woman be not required to do the work herself, she ought to be able to direct her servants. But a young wife may not be able to do all the work required to be done in the house. Not able! Not able to cook and wash and mend and clean the house for one young man and herself, and that young man her hus-

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band, too, who is quite willing to work from morning until night, to put up with a cold lunch, to get up and light the fire, to do anything that love can contrive to spare her labor, conduce to her convenience and promote her happiness?

Womanliness and good housekeeping go together. Society requires of the man a certain training when he enters a profession where great issues are at stake, and men as a rule do master the business which they follow, and it should be equally as binding on a woman to master the details and proper care of a house. Marriages will increase when women make more of home.

He cannot be an unhappy man who has the love and smile of a woman to accompany him in every department of life. The world may look dark and cheerless, but the little asylum of home, lighted up by love, will be more cheerful and bright. The successful man's wife will make her husband feel that one day passed under his own roof is worth a thousand in any other place. A house may be a cold storage for costly furniture. A home must be warmed with the embers of love. Home is the miniature of heaven let down to shine in this world.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

SHAKESPEARE ON SUCCESS.

. Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportion'd thought its act.
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.
The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel;
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatch'd, unfledged comrade. Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel; but being in,
Bear 't that the opposed may be beware of thee.
Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice;
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.
Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not express'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy;
For the apparel oft proclaims the man.

Shakespeare as the epitome of wisdom is a good guide, philosopher and friend. From his pages can be exhumed the choicest gems of thought, more valuable, if taken to heart and put into practice, than gold and diamonds and precious stones. In every line there is a veritable mine scintillating with its precious treasures and these may be gathered by all if they have only the discernment to perceive them. Especially in the play of Hamlet is Shakespeare at his best. Here we have the ripe sound fruitage of his manhood and experience; here we have the

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golden nuggets scattered with a prodigal hand; here the choicest thoughts that ever came burning from the brain of mortal. In the advice which Polonius gives to Laertes, Shakespeare gives the compendium of right thinking and good living. To think aright is everything. Thought rules the world as applied action, every accomplishment is the result of thought.

The steam engine is a fanciful ethereal thought, wrought out in iron and steel, trembling with the power of steam within, but heated first of all from the fires of the brain.

The greatest works of art are but thought realized and concentrated. The great dome of St. Peter's in Rome was first in the narrower dome that covered the brow of Michel Angelo.

All the great achievements in the world today are simply thought crystallized.

In the Luray caverns in Virginia, or the great Mammoth Cave of Kentucky, you can see enormous pillars which have been formed by the steady dropping of water from the roof of the cavern. This masonry, formed of solid rock made by the slow and silent processes of nature is truly marvelous. A single drop of water, finding its way from the surface down through the roof of the cave, deposits its sediment and another follows it, and another, and still an-

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other, each adding its imperceptible contribution, until the icicle of stone begins to grow, and, ultimately reaching the rock beneath, becomes a massive pillar that shall stand for thousands of years.

There is a process, just as that, going on in every one of our hearts. Each thought that stirs for a moment only one single drop of water, with its limestone deposit from the roof of the cavern, sinks into the soul and all unconsciously makes its deposit, other thoughts follow, and yet others, until a habit of thought along a given line of reasoning, arousing similar emotions is formed, erecting within our hearts monuments of purpose or pillars of ambition that have to do with our characters forever.

Character is the result of thought; think high and you will live high. You can surround yourself with brightness and cheer or encompass yourself in gloom and misery. Whether your life shall be full, and complete as the Creator intended, or empty and void, altogether depends upon yourself. In a word, you can make of life either a success or failure; the fashioning of it lies in your own hands.

Not only will right thinking bring right living to yourself, but it will also influence others and draw them to you with a magnetic attraction.

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It will bring you friends and as Shakespeare says,—“the friends thou hast, and their adoption tried, grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel.” Friendship is one of the most beautiful things in the world; it makes the waters of life sweet and soothing and restful to the wearied spirit. No one is poor who can truly say he has a friend. When Charles Kingsley was asked the secret of his success, he replied,—“*I had a friend.*” Xavier De Maistre in that beautiful masterpiece of his—“*A Journey Round My Room,*” says,—“I had once a friend, he was only my neighbor’s dog, yet he was a friend and I appreciated him.” If canine friendship can be thus valued, how much more should that warm human sympathy be prized which flows from the channels of a faithful, loving heart. Make friends if you can, the more the better, for them and for yourself. God intended that we should all be brothers, that we should love one another even as He loves us, but human nature is weak and the divine precept is often forgotten. Sometimes hate lurks in the heart from which it has turned out love. Envy, jealousy, rivalry, greed, covetousness,—these are the furies that sometimes gnaw the breasts of men, torturing them so as to make them hate their kind, and spurring them on, to en-

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deavor to hurl virtue from her pedestal and set up vice in her place. These deformed harpies so prey on their victims that they lose all sense of moral honor and resort to falsehood and calumnies to injure their neighbors. The best of men are not free from their attacks, and no man, therefore, need live in the fool's paradise of thinking that he has no enemies, for he has and he should be grateful, not annoyed, at having them, inasmuch as enmity is but a tribute to worth. All really good and great men have enemies, you have probably seen regal looking Newfoundland dogs and St. Bernards,—noble animals, walking along the streets with mongrels yelping at their tails, but did the Newfoundlands or St. Bernards give any attention to them? Not at all,—with a look of contempt on their handsome faces they passed along, deeming their annoyers unworthy of notice.

A forceful man, of a necessity has just about as many friends as enemies, they are equally divided and both testify to his merit, the one class by love, the other by hate.

Of course every one is open to criticism, and the man of parts welcomes it, for it shows him the danger spots and points out the unguarded gaps in the enclosure that surrounds him. No true man wants maudlin flattery, every one has

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defects and 'tis a friend and not an enemy who points out these defects. Only a weakling or a fool is looking for compliments. The wise man will not pay a cent for a bushel of compliments, but he is willing to pay well for one piece of honest criticism which will mirror him as he really is and not flatter him with a picture of which he is not the original.

A good way to treat enemies is to show them such consideration as if they were some day to be your friends. Be courteous with them, as with everybody. Manners oft proclaim the man, and, in addition to manners, personal appearance, for as Shakespeare conveys, apparel has much to do with success in life. Many a one of merit has been rejected because of carelessness in dress. On the other hand, overdress or what is known as "loudness of display" is just as bad, even worse, for it shows the fop and the dude, synonymous terms for numbskull. Very often a very little thing in a man's personal appearance works irretrievably against him.

Beware of debt. Debt wrinkles the face, corrugates the brow and makes the skin callous. Of decent people it makes dishonest people and it leads from the path of truth to that of falsehood.

When a man owes you a dollar he owes you a

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grudge also. It is very easy to borrow, but very hard to pay back. Franklin says,—“debtors have very short memories”—and by the same analogy it could be said that creditors have very long ones.

Be true to yourself and “it will follow, as the night the day, thou canst not then be false to any man.” Be what you are, perform what you promise, let your word be your bond, stand fast, cling to the right, depise the wrong, and obey the laws of your being, faithful to yourself, to your fellows and to your God.

CHAPTER XXIX.

SUCCESS VIA THE GRAND STAND.

Under the caption "Do You Follow the Track?" there appeared a cartoon in one of our dailies which should find a place in larger form and more attractive colors in every office, store, shop, factory and mercantile establishment in the land, on every dead wall, plank and pump and scaffolding for all to see and take to heart the warning it conveys and the lesson it teaches; yea, it should find a place too, in every home side by side with the family pictures, to instil into youthful minds what may be expected from the vice of gambling, especially race track gambling. The picture does credit to the brain and heart and hand of the artist who conceived it. It would be well if the schools and colleges would accentuate and emphasize to the rising generation the moral lesson of this cartoon, for such would be of more use to them than some of the fads and fancies of educational beauty which find places in the curriculum of to-day. The conception must be seen to be thoroughly appreciated.

Success Via the Grand Stand

Here, however, is a description: A young man is represented, typical of the better class of wage earners, the refined, intelligent, cultivated, educated class who are the very backbone and stamina of the nation's greatness. He is well-dressed, in accord with the fashion of his station in life and his step is buoyant, indicating that the young blood is bounding healthily through his veins. The face is handsome, the nose long and aquiline, the eye bright and keen, the jaw square, showing that he has the fighting grip to make his way in the world, the lips are thin, proving determination of purpose, yet the mouth is in a half smile, the index of an honest, frank, kindly nature. On the whole it is a good face and a good head. He is on his way to the race track, the way that so many others have traveled in sublime unconsciousness that it was directly leading them to the portal of dishonor, disgrace, the loss of money and the loss of manhood. In the right hand the young man carries his earnings, the fruition of his honest toil, and in his left is the form sheet, or in the vernacular of the track the "dope sheet," which he is very intently studying in order to make up his mind what horse is the best chance on which to bet his money—the money that should go to the support of an aged mother or father, who .

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gave him an education and equipped him for the battle of life, or perhaps go to a fond young wife who trusted her all to his keeping and is looking to him to support, not alone herself, but the little ones that heaven will send to her keeping, or which he could put by for the rainy day that is sure to come, sooner or later, to everyone, when there will be no longer sunshine in which to work. In the distance can be seen the grand stand for which he is heading, the flag on its cupola fluttering gaily in the breeze as if waving a welcome to the poor dupes and fools to come on and worship at the shrine of the fickle goddess of Luck. If every pew (box) in that shrine could tell a tale what a story would be unfolded! —one “whose lightest word would harrow up the soul,” a story more sensational and intensive than any ever conceived by the lurid brain of a dime novelist. It would tell of ruined homes and cold firesides where comfort and love used to sit side by side in the genial warmth of holy union, where the merry laugh betokened the happy heart, where peace and contentment held sway, where kind words fell like the droppings of manna to soothe and refresh and nourish.

It would tell of broken lives hurled on the wayside to be trampled in the mud of shame and dishonor, of the stinging blow instead of the

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kiss of love, of the blasphemous oath instead of the prayer of praise.

It would tell of the deserted wife whose arms once clasped a devoted husband's neck in the embrace of affection, but who now sits in the darkness of sorrow wasting her heart in sighs and wishing for death to give her surcease from shame.

It would tell of Despair snatching the crown of ambition from the brow of youth and placing thereon the blackened cap of infamy, of careers shattered to fragments and tossed into the seething waters of shame, of the agonizing shriek of countless victims as they topple into suicides' graves—it would tell of all these things and more.

Such would be some of the awful confessions of the Grand Stand to which our friend in the picture is making his way. He is now in the sunlight of sanguine anticipation; he does not see behind him the gathering clouds that swish and swirl; portending the coming storm, and from which even the rooks are flying to retreats of safety; above all is he unconscious of the three hideous, horrible jackals, rather monsters bearing down on him from out the storm. On they rush, with foam-flecked jowls and fearsome fangs, ready to tear and rend the quivering flesh

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of their victim, but he wots not of their proximity, though the sanguinary carnivorous beast of Debt is almost at his heels. Soon it will be on him with scorching, withering, blighting breath, lacerating him with its sharp incisors; Theft will dash on to partake of the feast and finally Ruin will make the spring to gobble up what is left of the poor victim. Alas! that he should be unconscious of his terrible doom!

The same fate is awaiting every young man who indulges the fatal passion of race-track betting. Instead of being on the sunny road to success, by way of the grand stand, he is surely treading the *avenues* that lead to the dripping jaws of the three monsters of Debt, Theft and Ruin.

No one can beat the races; as well search for the elusive pea under the thimble in the game of "Thimble-Rigging," or try to get the best of loaded dice. For a time the "bookies" are the only ones that make money, but in the end the monster of ruin catches them too, illustrating well the old Spanish proverb that whatever comes over the devil's back goes under his belly again.

A young man starts out with the highest hopes. He has heard of fortunes won at the race track and his fervid imagination becomes

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so fired, that he is easily lured on to the inevitable doom that is the common lot of all turf followers. By the merest chance he may win, but such a fluke of fortune comes seldom. The dope of the track is everywhere visible; touts and heelers are on the lookout to inveigle victims into their master's nets, and it is not King Horse but King Dishonesty that rules at the track.

Our young man gets into debt, he cannot honestly pay back and to satiate his passion he resorts to theft. He loses all moral backbone and one speculation leads to another, sin is heaped on sin, crime upon crime, until in the end he is found out and thrown to the beast of Ruin which devours his character and reputation with all avidity, and so he sinks down beneath the social surface, lost to himself, lost to his friends, lost to the world and his epitaph is carved not in the golden letters of Honor or Success, but the blackened characters of Disgrace and Failure.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE FAILURE OF SUCCESS.

I am a strong admirer of success, but not in the popular conception, which estimates it merely from a monetary standard. Emerson says,—“Talleyrand’s question is ever the main one; not,—Is he rich? Has he this or that faculty? Is he of the establishment?—but,—‘Is he anybody? Does he stand for something?’”

This is the question which is the comprehensive inquiry of a man’s life,—Does he stand for something? Does he represent honor, truth, manhood, is his name synonymous with integrity and square dealing and is he entitled to the respect and confidence of his fellow-men? A man with such requirements is a success though he were as poor as Job. The man who has no money may be poor, but the man who has nothing but money is the poorest thing in all the world. The man who has nothing but money to leave behind him should be ashamed of his life and afraid to die. Better be a man rich than merely a rich man. It is absurd to call a man successful because he has a plethoric purse,—

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he may be the rankest of failures. Good name is above riches. As the great master has it:—

Good name in man and woman, dear,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls—
Who steals my purse, steals trash—
'Twas mine, 'tis his and has been slave to thousands,
But he who filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed.

Character is the standard of a man, not gold and silver. Nor can the attainment of an end or aim, the fulfilment of a desire or the realization of ambition be termed success. Would you call a horse jockey a success because he can get his horse a length ahead in a three mile course, keep his advantage and come under the ribbon a winner? No doubt he gets big money for his skill in steering the animal to victory, but it is really the horse that wins. Would you call the promoter of some gigantic scheme to fleece the public a success, who cleared out of the undertaking with millions, while the poor dupes he had inveigled into it were ruined? Surely such success cannot be the goal of a self-respecting man; decency despises it and honesty shuns it.

Perhaps the most “successful” man in my community is a race-track gambler, a book-maker; he has the finest house, the best automobiles, and of course, blooded horses, but who can

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frankly admire such success? With this kind of success he cannot enter the homes of those who are far beneath him in money and power, but infinitely above him in character and worth.

“Worth makes the man and want of it the fellow.”

Success lies not in getting what you desire, but in achieving that which will elevate and ennoble yourself and at the same time confer some benefit on your kind,—a success which will be measured by its contribution to the world’s welfare and happiness. The personal worth of any one consists in the good he is able to do to others, if he lives only for himself he had better be dead, as far as the world is concerned, for he contributes nothing to its progress, only takes from it by a selfish existence.

There are many who by self-denial, compassion, patience, benignity, charity and love enrich the world silently, unostentatiously, and pass on to an eternal reward without any temporal acknowledgment, forgotten even in death, while the millions are fawning in servile sycophancy on the trust magnate whose wealth is not enriching the world, but rather making it poorer by depriving those who would use the money to good advantage. Money is often squandered on frivolous pursuits. Plutocrats



THE FAILURE OF SUCCESS.
WORRY AND DISCONTENT IN THE MIDST OF LUXURY.

The Failure of Success

are lavishing millions on women of society whose fads are to give monkey dinners and drive goose tandems to fritter away their time and draw the attention of the crowd for the passing moment. Such women are wealthy, that is, they have wealth heaped upon them, but who would be rash enough or foolish enough to call them successes? Contrast them with the Salvation Army lassies and the Sisters of Charity,—good women whose lives are a litany of love and service, who go down to the depths and try to rescue fallen humanity and bring it up to the sunny heights of hope and usefulness. Such women are making the world brighter and better, and they are respected everywhere they go, for all know their mission of self-denial for the lifting up of the unfortunate. Their success is not measured by money, but by the amount of good they can accomplish in the world.

What the multitude is pleased to call success the individual may regard in a very different light. Oh, if you could only follow our “successful” speculators and operators and depredators into their secret chambers where their hearts weep alone and their eyes look into the mirror of truth reflected from their own guilty souls, you would shudder at their self-abasement and instead of envying them their wealth,

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you would pity their wretchedness and thank God you had escaped the burden of their millions.

We have no where deprecated enterprise and energy by which the wealth of the community is enlarged, its knowledge extended and its practical conveniences increased, but, on the contrary, we have always encouraged these qualities. The wheels of industry must revolve if the nation would go round. Up and doing must be the motto adopted, if the front rank would be reached; doing with a fixed, immovable purpose, and, while keeping in mind the materialistic ideals, the question, what effect has successful labor on the soul?—must also be considered. A soul in amassing wealth or even extending the boundaries of knowledge is ill employed, essentially a failure, if in the process it is destroyed.

There are men who have the alchemic power to turn whatever they touch into gold; it is the *alpha* and *omega* of their every action, they think it, they dream it, they talk of nothing else. To them the columns of the money market are more interesting than the Bible, they work like slaves and slaves indeed they are to their own lust for gain. If reminded of,—“Lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven,” they take refuge under the precept,—“Be not slothful in

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business.” As merchant princes they are successes, as solid foundations for commercial prosperity they are successes, but as souls they are failures,—they have gradually dried up until all the juices are gone, and nothing remains but the thin, fierce lust of accumulation. Take one of these men and analyze his character; you will find that all the better instincts have been crushed, that he has become hard and dry, impervious to the sufferings and sorrows of others, cold, cruel, calculating, the milk of human kindness pressed out of his system and in its place vinegar; instead of warm, red blood, in his veins flows ice-water. He is a very busy man, in fact you cannot describe how busy he is,—he calls to mind the question addressed to the poet, Southey, by the Quaker lady. The eccentric poet had been relating, in his own enthusiastic way, how he had studied Portuguese grammar while shaving, read Spanish for an hour before breakfast, after breakfast wrote and studied until dinner, after dinner filled the remainder of the day with reading, writing, talking and taking exercise. “And friend, when dost thee think?” inquired the quiet voice.

It would seem that God was severely kind to these successful men. Sweden has never recovered from the audaciously successful career of

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Charles XII. Fired with the glory of one victory, that monarch went on to another, and while many were brilliant all were ineffectual, bringing no good to Europe in general, but lasting harm to Sweden in particular. His victory over the Russians at Narva was his ruin. Had he been defeated there he would have gone home to govern well his own country and develop her resources, but ambition lured him on to plunge his people into difficulties and danger.

Many a life has staked its all on a delusive Narva and gone down to defeat and ruin.

Success in public life, especially in politics, is often purchased at a dear cost,—the loss of manhood, utter subservience to venality and corruption. It is purchased even in church life, too, by a compromise with evil.

It is written: “Go to now, ye rich, weep and howl, the hire of laborers which is of you kept back by fraud, crieth out.” On such a foundation, too often, is reared the power of wealth,—the great corporations, the vast businesses, the prosperous firms, the large estates and the palatial mansions, and the jugglers of the immense fortunes grown sleek and fat, are respected by the people and pass on to honored graves; panegyrics are preached, eulogiums written and on their tombstones is carved “success,” but be-

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hind the gates of Death flashes a vindictive sword which will avenge the wrongs of earth. "The abundance that he has gathered has perished." Only good deeds are stored in the heavenly treasure-house "where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through and steal."

Success can flourish only on a good soil; what appears to thrive on barren ground is only a spurious plant, a counterfeit of the real, like a weed that may be mistaken for a wholesome vegetable in the garden. A toadstool and a mushroom appear very like; the one is a deadly poison, the other is a succulent edible.

The author sometimes depends for his success on the poison of literature which he sows broadcast on the leading avenues of the world as well as in the bye-ways and which fructifies into a soul-destroying harvest; he drenches every line with moral filth, making the whole a seething cess-pool the odors of which contaminate all who approach, yet the man who writes such a poisonous novel is called a success, but better for the scandal-monger "that a mill-stone were hung about his neck and he be cast into the depths of the sea."

Then, there is success in society,—how is it gained? Often by the loss of all that makes life

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really worth living, but in most cases it is solely measured by the gold standard, and virtue, honor and truth and all that adorn character and elevate the species, are left out of consideration. If a woman has the means to wear an extra string of pearls or a tiara of diamonds she is voted a Queen of Society; thousands fawn upon her and her doings are chronicled in the fashionable journals; if a man has just sense enough to make a fool of himself by fads and fancies, by putting on airs and aping the dress and manners of an effete royalty, he is hailed as a King of Society; but are such a vain Queen and such a foolish King a success? What is this so-called society? Compared with the whole, it is made up of a few silly-headed individuals who have been born with golden spoons in their mouths, or to whom fate or chance has given some windfall in the shape of money. Neither brains nor merit, only a golden key can open its portals. Its members, however, are merely the parasites of humanity,—they suck the blood and give nothing in return. Thank God society is exclusive, that there are only “400” drones to waste the money made by the working bees; if there were more, they would destroy all the honey and the world would die of starvation, yet it is into this “society” that

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many of our millionaires are trying to enter in order to attract attention to themselves and squander their money, or rather other people's money, on foolishness and frivolity and, very often, sin. If money cannot be made to serve a more useful end, can the life that has been spent in accumulating it be called a *success*?

As there is success which is failure, so there is a failure which is success. Was Columbus a failure because he was neglected and starved? Did Cromwell fail, though his bleached bones were buried among the outcasts? Was Mozart a failure because he died penniless and sleeps in an unknown grave? There is no failure for the good and wise. No man fails who lives for the glory of God and the betterment of man. No man can call his life a success who has not felt, and acted accordingly, that his life belongs to the race, and that, which God has given him, He gave for the good of all.

A distinguished writer has recently said: "The great problem which the present century will have to take in hand seriously and finally solve is this,—‘Are rich men likely to be of any social use, or will it be better to abolish the institution?’ If we believe in Darwinism it will not be hard to trace the pedigree of those who spend millions on the costliest food, finest

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clothes, most expensive jewelry, palatial mansions, fastest horses, rarest wines and handsomest women, and then leave millions, more than is safe or just, to their children, while millions of the poor are shivering in the cold, perishing with hunger, having not a burial place—millions suffering in ignorance and sin, all over the world, for the lack of that very money.

Money-making is not the highest success. The soul coined into dollars is one in which every holy emotion is strangled and every noble aspiration stifled. I do not wonder we have so many dishonored bankrupts, fraudulent clerks, defaulting cashiers and absconding partners; the wonder is that there are so few when even good men regard poverty as a crime. We seem to have no standard to measure men except by the length of their purses.

Capital is not what a man has, but what a man is. Character is capital. The value of character is the standard of human progress. Wherever character is made a secondary object, sensualism will prevail. He who lives for anything less than character is not worthy of being called a man. Better be a man than merely a millionaire. Win success bravely, but do not exaggerate its worth. Seek wealth, not as a means for the larger gratification of your lower

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instincts, but, maintaining the supremacy of your noblest nature, seek riches that you may thereby make the world better and happier and thus make your “life, death and the vast forever, one grand sweet song.”

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE TRAGEDIES OF SUCCESS.

Success does not depend on mighty achievements. Some of our most distinguished men, indeed those who have carved their names highest on the pinnacle of fame, from a worldly standpoint, were tragic failures. The world's three greatest poets, Homer, Dante and Shakespeare,—the sublime trinity of intellect—all were wretched men. Homer was blind and sang his snatches of undying song from door to door in ancient Greece, begging bread in return; Dante was a wanderer over Italy, hungry most of the time and without food for days; Shakespeare was little above a vagrant and in all his life scarcely had one sixpence to rub against another.

It was the same with many of the great authors. The most successful were abjectedly poor. The greatest romance ever penned, Cervantes' "Don Quixote" was written when its author had not one peso, and moreover was on a bed of pain. The sublimest allegory of the English language is "The Pilgrim's Progress."

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Bunyan was a traveling tinker who never earned more than half a crown (60 cents) a day in his life; his great work, too, was written on the untwisted papers that were used to cork the bottles of milk brought to his cell while a prisoner in Bedford jail, where he was incarcerated on account of his religious principles.

In Johnson's day nearly all the successful writers were half-starved. One day they would be going down Piccadilly in stove-pipe hats, patent leathers, and swallow-tail coats, the next day they would be lying in bed because their clothes were in pawn. Goldsmith was starving in a garret, when Johnson came in and rummaging through an old drawer in the dilapidated room discovered the MS. of "The Vicar of Wakefield," which he sold for £10 (50 dollars) and saved the poor author from dying of cold and hunger. In our time, when some of our authors can command a dollar a word, and whose copyrights sell for from \$10,000 to \$50,000, such a work would probably make its author a rich man. Goldsmith also wrote several histories and some of the most beautiful poems ever penned, but he never had a pound note in his life that he could really call his own. He wandered over Europe playing tunes on a tin whistle for the peasantry as he went along, and they, in return, shared with him their frugal fare.

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Many great inventors have made their lives successful for the world while struggling to make both ends meet, and often could not do it, and went down to the grave sad and disappointed men.

Columbus was a poor man, his great discovery, though successful, did not enrich him and he died broken-hearted and in ignorance of his achievement, that he had found a new world.

But had any of these men had wealth they would have been as badly off. Wealth cannot satisfy the soul. A man dining with Rothschild, the great banker, said,—“You must be a thoroughly happy man.” He replied: “Happy? Me happy? Happy, when just as I am going to dine, a man sends me a note, saying,—‘If you don’t send me five hundred pounds before tomorrow night, I will blow your brains out’—me happy?” William H. Vanderbilt, three hundred times a millionaire, died in a fit of apoplexy brought on because he could not come to an agreement with Robert Garret about a railroad. Stephen Girard said,—“I live the life of a galley-slave; when I rise in the morning my one effort is to work so hard that I can sleep when it gets to be night.” How many of the millionaires of our day are happy, are contented? Not one. Many of them would be glad to change places with the hum-

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blest of their servants, and some of them, dearly as they love money, and eagerly as they pursue it, would give a king's ransom for the strong limbs and robust health of a common day-laborer. What good is a million dollars to a man who can't eat a "square" meal? The cast-away mariner is in an agony of thirst, though surrounded by an ocean of water.

"Life is a long fatigue," wrote Talleyrand on his eighty-first birthday. Lord Eldon, another spoiled child of fortune said,—"A few weeks and I shall escape to the country and find a short resting place between vexation and the grave."

The cares, the worry, the incessant strain entailed upon a man of millions far more than counterbalance the pleasure he derives from their possession; in fact, happiness for him is a negative quantity and comfort is at the vanishing point.

The indulgment of worldly pleasure can never bring peace to the mind, nor consolation to the soul. The words of Solomon find an echo in the hearts of most men: "The eye is not satisfied with seeing, nor the ear filled with hearing." The world exhausted itself on Solomon, but all its blandishments could not soothe his soul. "Whatever my eyes desired I

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refused them not," said he, but was he content, was he satisfied? Let him give the answer,—“I saw in all things vanity and vexation of mind, and that nothing was lasting under the sun.”

Thackeray won the world's applause by his genius,—did it fill the longings of his heart? In a Paris restaurant he gazes at the other end of the room and wonders who the pale, forlorn, wretched-looking creature is who returns his stare. He rises and finds 'tis his own reflection in the wall mirror.

Many a novelist has made us laugh at the comicality of his situations, many a poet has whiled away the time pleasantly which otherwise would have been heavy and dull, yet they could not make themselves laugh or lighten their time by an ounce of enjoyment. We sometimes on the stage see the masks of smiling faces covering broken hearts, the rippling laugh of forced merriment smothering the sigh of despair. The same thing happens on the stage of men and women of everyday life. Great accomplishments often turn into Dead Sea fruit for those who perform them, and the wealth that has taken a lifetime to amass becomes ashes in the mouth. And what is fame?

“A fancied life in others' breath—
A thing beyond us, e'en before our death.”

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Very often it is half dis fame, for between it and notoriety there is only the thinnest of paper walls. 'Tis but a step from the sublime to the ridiculous, and fame and disgrace can be brought together in a twinkling. The late Mr. Parnell was worshipped as a god almost by the Irish people, yet in an hour he fell from the zenith of fame to the nadir of disgrace, so that none would do him honor.

And fame brings its own responsibilities,—it is the shaft for malice, the target for envy, the butt of calumny, and the barbs of spite and jealousy are being constantly hurled upon it. Many a man has cause to regret the day when he became an object for popular enthusiasm, and may well say:—

“Sweet were the days when I was all unknown,
But when my name was lifted up, the storm
Broke on the mountain, and I cared not for it.”

Hogarth, at the height of his artistic glory, was driven almost mad because the painting he had dedicated to the king, did not please him; George II. cried out,—“Who is this Hogarth? Take this trumpery out of my presence.” Sheridan, idol of his day, had for his last words,—“I am absolutely undone.” “Take me back to my room,” sighed Sir Walter Scott, “there is

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no rest for me but the grave.” Lamb said,—“I walk up and down thinking I am happy, but feeling I am not.” Edmund Burke said he would not give a peck of refuse wheat for all the fame in the world.

Napoleon, conqueror of Europe, died lonely and neglected on the rocky islet of St. Helena; all his victories ended but in defeat, all his successes amounted to failure.

Alexander sat down and cried because he had no more worlds to conquer. Cyrus the Persian, begged for a pitiful monument to tell to posterity that he had been king of his country.

Emperors and kings, popes and princes, surrounded by the glow of fame and at the very height of success and power have longed to get away from all and be at rest. “Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown,” wrote Shakespeare.

When Andrew Jackson was President, a man called at the White House to see him; he sent in a message; the President came not; a second and a third message was sent. At length the President came out and in great indignation said to those in waiting,—“Gentlemen, people envy me in this White House and they long to get here, but I tell you, at the end of the second term, I am glad to get out of it, for it is a perfect hell.” Do you imagine that the great heart

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of Abraham Lincoln ever found a moment's happiness in the White House? And military glory? Grant was the most successful soldier of the 19th century, twice President of the United States, yet his cup was not full, for he desired more money for his family, and to get it, behold him on the summit of Mt. MacGregor drawing his pen, now mightier than the sword, keeping death at bay six months, while he snatched from the jaws of death the crowning victory of his matchless career. And yet Grant who had everything that life could give died prematurely old, unhappy, discouraged and beaten.

Man is never satisfied. His soul is like Noah's wandering dove,—a restless seeker after rest.

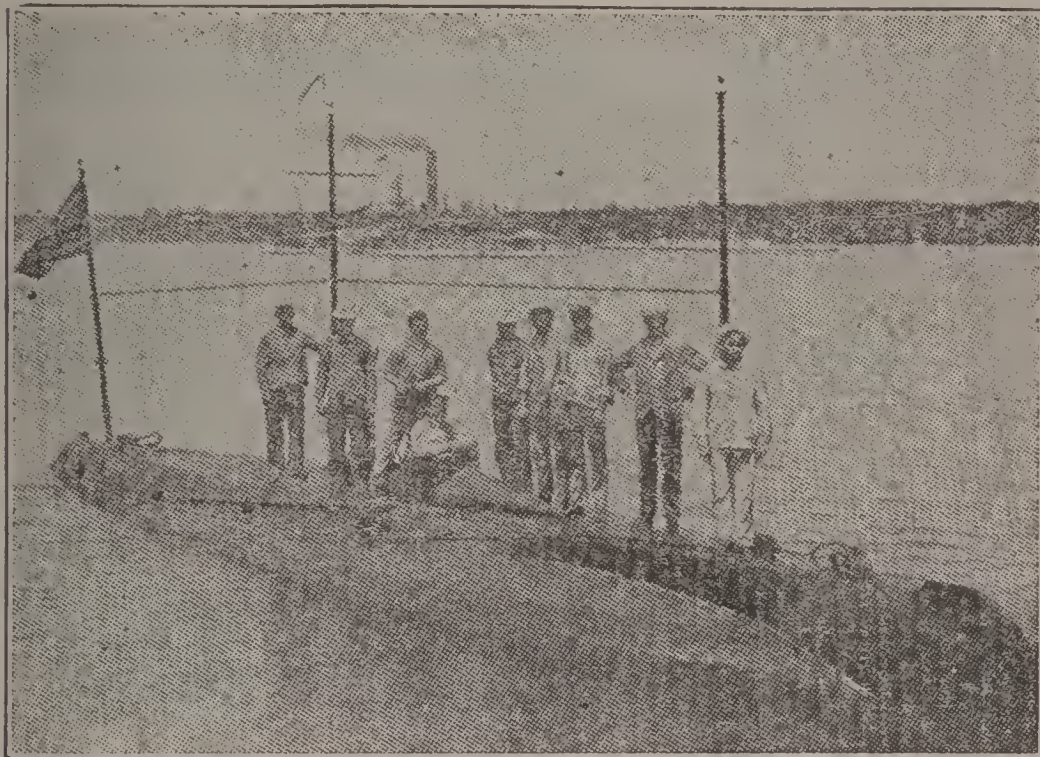
Why is it that the world can never quiet man's restless spirit? Why is it impossible for earthly things to fill up the void in his heart? Does it not show that man was made for that which the world cannot give?

“The soul on earth is an immortal guest,
Compelled to starve at an unreal feast,
A spark which upwards tends by nature's force;
A stream divided from its parent source;
A drop, dissevered from the boundless sea;
A moment, parted from eternity;
A pilgrim, panting for the rest to come;
An exile, anxious for his native home.”

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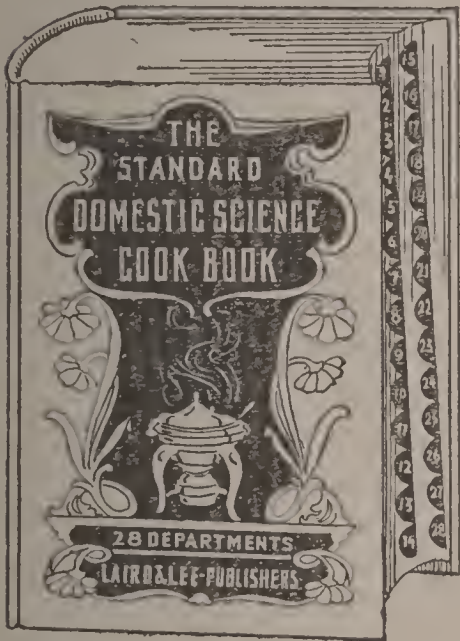
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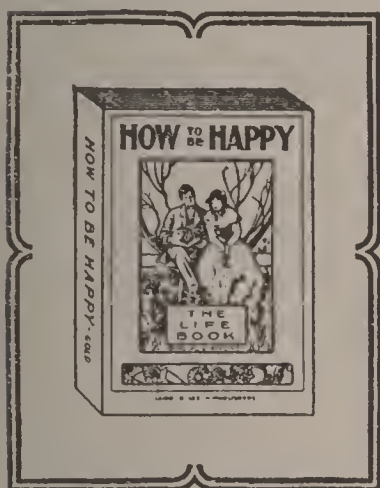
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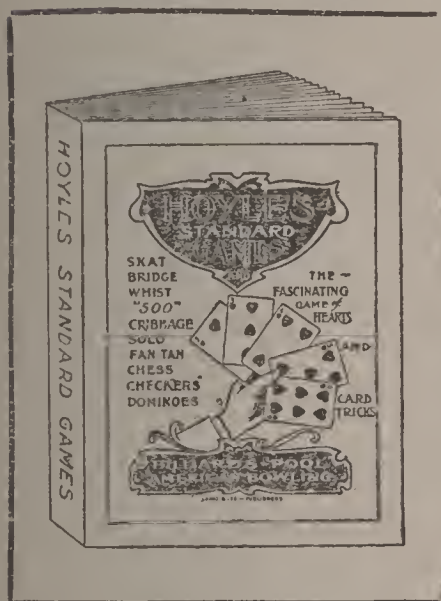
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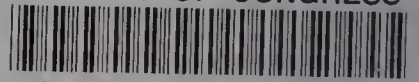
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